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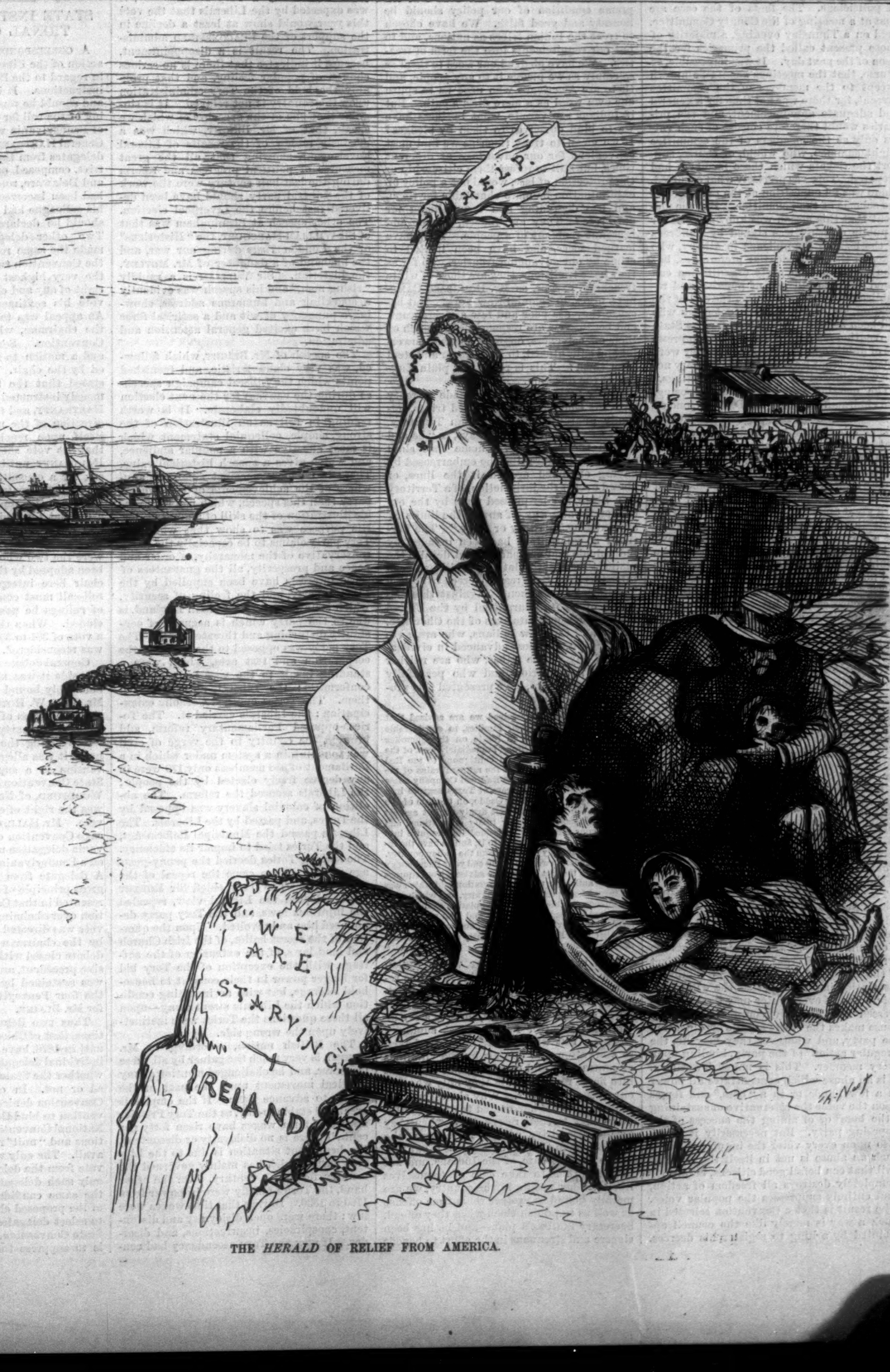
HELP.
"WE ARE STARVING."
IRELAND
Th. Nast

THE *HERALD* OF RELIEF FROM AMERICA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 28, 1880.

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THE ALBANY REPUBLICANS.

THE Republican meeting in Albany to protest against the method in which the primary meetings were called was very significant as an assertion of the rights of the people—of those whose chief part in politics is voting—as against the methods of politicians. The facts of the case are that at a meeting of the County Committee, held on a Thursday evening, a majority of those present called the primaries for the noon of the next day. It was impossible, of course, that the meetings should be known except to the members of the committee present, for there was not time for a general and adequate announcement, and the primaries would therefore consist of such voters only as the members of the committee might summon, who would, of course, support the tickets which those members had prepared. This was precisely what occurred. There was no opposition at the primaries to the scheme of the committee. But the moment that this action was known, a call for a public meeting was signed by hundreds of the leading Republicans in Albany, who differ in their Presidential preferences, but who agree that no party organization can stand such an outrage of popular and republican principle. Pending the call of the meeting, six of the thirteen delegates who had been selected in this way for the State Convention resigned under the strong pressure of public opinion, stating that they were conscious "that less than the customary notice was allowed for the primary meetings."

The meeting of protest was imposing. The chairman was George Dawson, one of the most eminent Republicans and honorable men in the State, who declared at once that the meeting was not intended to promote or retard the nomination of any candidate, but simply "to protest against the great wrong of the men who had dishonored the Republican party." Mr. Dawson said, with great applause, "Ours should be an organization without a master, a party without a slave"; and great enthusiasm followed his declaration that they were men "who would not bear the domination of men who had plantation manners without plantation power." Mr. Matthew Hale showed that in nearly every case the inspectors at the meetings were either employés in the Post-office or orderlies in the new Capitol, under the control of an agent of Mr. Smyth, the chairman of the committee which had taken this extraordinary action. Mr. Henry Smith favored nothing that would disorganize the party in the State, but recommended the formation of a new County Committee, which should call primaries to send delegates to the State Convention. Mr. Hamilton Harris stated that the present committee would probably hold on to seven of the delegates elected, so as to secure the majority of the delegation by the illicit action that had been taken. Meanwhile the present committee decided to call primaries only in part of the districts. This will not be satisfactory to the new committee appointed by the meeting, and it now seems probable that the question will be referred to the State Convention.

These are the facts. The simple recital speaks for itself. This is the inevitable result of what we have denounced as a "machine." It is not organization, but the abuse of organization—an abuse which defeats the very purpose of organization. The object of the system of committees and voluntary association in parties is that the will of the voters and of every voter may be freely expressed and honestly counted. But this abuse makes the officers of the organization the party, and whatever they may do, the "regular action" of the party, binding upon every member. This is naked Tweedism. It is an abuse which concentrates all power in a few hands, or in a "boss," and forces upon the voter the alternative of sustaining "the boss" or of aiding the success of the opposing party. But necessarily it forces also upon every voter the inquiry whether such an abuse is not in itself the greatest evil that can befall good citizens, because it completely destroys all freedom of action, and entirely suppresses the popular voice. The result is that a Convention selected in such a way is merely like the council appointed by a king to register his decrees. It represents himself, but not the nation. No party of intelligent and self-respecting citizens will tolerate such a parody and perversion of popular government, and those who uphold it in the Republican party are the worst enemies of Republican principles, and are taking the surest way to destroy its ascendency. It is not a question of Presidential preferences, but of republican government, and of effective party organization. For how can the action of a Convention be accepted by the voters of a party when they know that it has no constituency behind it, and reflects only the aims of a few men, who have selected their agents without giving others a chance to be heard?

THE FAITH OF TREATIES.

The Indian question in this country, like the Irish question in England, will vex us until we settle it honorably and justly. How difficult a problem it is, every fresh revelation shows. But the first and supreme condition of our policy should be honesty and good faith. We have chosen to treat the Indian tribes as nations, and to put our requirements into the form of treaties. We have pledged our word to them as solemnly as we pledge it to any people, and there are Americans who urge us to spurn our own word as a mere dicer's oath. But if Indians are vermin, what business have we to bind ourselves to them by pledges? If we mean to treat them as we find most convenient for our advantage at different times, but still to refuse them citizenship or the protection of law, would not a policy of extermination be more charitable for them, and less degrading and demoralizing for ourselves? They are, indeed, a poor and ignorant remnant of a people. They have learned vices, and have been incited to crime by our advancing frontier. So far as they have traditions, they are those of white treachery, except, as Mr. Douglass Campbell urges, in colonial New York. But because they are poor and few and ignorant, and because we are responsible for much of their offensiveness, ought we, being powerful and enlightened, to lie to them and steal from them? This is really the plain English of the question.

Nearly fifty years ago we made a treaty with the Cherokees and kindred tribes, solemnly guaranteeing the Indian Territory. It was, as Bishop Whipple says, to "be and remain theirs forever, a home that shall never, in all future time, be embarrassed by having extended around it the lines, or placed over it the jurisdiction, of a Territory or a State, nor be pressed upon by the extension, in any way, of any of the limits of any existing Territory or State." The Territory so guaranteed has been invaded by individuals and companies, and despite the plainest treaty stipulations, a bill has been introduced in Congress to erect over it a Territorial government. Against this violation of rights guaranteed by the United States, the representatives of the Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw Indians, who are, as is well known, the most advanced in civilization of any of the tribes, who are neither hunters nor warriors, and who peacefully pursue agriculture, have presented this protest to the President:

> "From information received we are advised that white intruders, with their families, in considerable numbers are beginning to locate on the Cherokee lands in the Indian Territory, immediately west of the Arkansas River, and on and contiguous to the Red Fork of that river; also that the railroad trains of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad Company a few days ago emptied several cars of Texas negroes into our country at a point near Caddo, on the line of the railroad. We respectfully but firmly protest against these infringements of our treaty stipulations, and request your Excellency to immediately inquire into the matter and to put a stop to it, and to have the intruders permanently removed from the Indian country. In this connection we also beg to call your Excellency's attention to the fact that we are advised, from sources we deem authentic, that the emigration raid which was attempted last spring on our country, and which your Excellency checked, is in contemplation again by the interested railroad corporations and land pirates who inspired the movement originally, and we respectfully ask that your Excellency take early steps to prevent this unwarranted assault."

If it is pleaded that our whole Indian policy of treaties is a mistake, it can be renounced without infamy upon our part. When the Utes massacre their friend Meeker, or ambush our soldiers, there is a cry of wrath and horror for the most summary justice. But when the Indians are driven to starvation and despair by the villainies of contractors and criminals, and burst out into fierce reprisals, it is they only who feel our avenging power. Why should not the soldiers who are summoned to drive the Indians back to their reservations when they escape also drive off the marauders who trespass upon the reservations? If our policy be to take care of the Indians, and not to leave them to take care of themselves like all other people in the country, we are morally bound to protect them from offense as well as to punish them when they offend. Secretary Schurz's plan—and he has been sincere and strenuous in the effort to benefit the Indians—is to place them in severalty on land in fee-simple. To do this, and to surround them with all the usual defenses of law, without which the plan, as it seems to us, would pauperize them, would be to place them upon the same standing with other citizens. But the first thing to do is to resolve that we will treat them honestly and justly, and the second and simultaneous thing to do is to prove to them that such is our purpose. We have made the proof difficult, indeed, but that does not affect our duty.

JOHN BRIGHT AND THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

While we are busily engaged in our politics, our English brethren also are no less involved. Two recent speeches at Birmingham and the election at Liverpool have been events of great interest. At Liverpool the Tory Parliamentary candidate has been elected, and although Liverpool is generally a Tory constituency, it was expected by the Liberals that the vote this year would show at least a decline in the support of the Beaconsfield administration. The result is a disappointment, because it indicates that there is no serious change of popular feeling, and that probably the hold of the Tory administration upon the country is not relaxed. It is singular that one of the speeches of which we speak, that of Mr. Bright, which was a masterly review of the results of Liberal government, showing that all the great measures of political progress and reform during the last half century were the work of the Liberal party, should have been delivered just before the Liverpool election. The other speech at Birmingham was that of Sir William Harcourt, the "Historicus" of the London *Times* during our war, and the husband of a daughter of Mr. Motley, the historian. Sir William is a rapidly "rising man," and his speech was evidently a sparkling and humorous address, showing a pungency of wit and a satirical force which have excited general attention and admiration.

The speech of Mr. Bright, which followed, was very characteristic, and furnished points which the Liberal campaign speeches during the canvass for the next election will undoubtedly elaborate. It is worth reading in full as an illustration of the strong, simple, colloquial statement which is most effective with a popular audience, and which gives a speech historical value. There is no more succinct summary anywhere of the achievements of the Liberal party than this speech, which is a remarkable illustration of the skill of a great orator. His purpose was to show that while the Tory party claims to be especially the party conservative of the monarchy, of order and peace and prosperity, all the guarantees of these interests have been supplied by the Liberal party, and the feeling of security, which is now unquestionable in England, is due to the party which is accused of constantly disturbing and threatening it. The Tory party was opposed to the repeal of the corporation and test acts, which were a standing insult to the vast body of Nonconformists; the Liberal party repealed them. The Tories opposed Catholic emancipation: the Liberals carried it. The Tories opposed Parliamentary reform, and brought the country to the verge of civil war to maintain a system under which in a Parliament of 658 members only 170 were in any degree freely elected by the people; the Liberals secured the reform. The abolition of colonial slavery was opposed by the Tories, and passed by the Liberals. The Liberals passed the Municipal Reform Act, and the Tories tried to impair its efficiency. The leading Tories decried the penny-postage reform. Then came the repeal of the Corn Laws. The Tory chief, Sir Robert Peel, adopted the Liberal view, repealed the injurious laws, and the Tory party denounced him and revolted. Upon the question of the secret ballot, of the Irish Church and land laws, of the extension of the suffrage, with the exception of the Tory bid for longer power in their consent to household suffrage, but with an irritating condition which the Liberals swept away—upon all these questions the Tories were instinctively upon the wrong side.

The British nation, according to Mr. Bright, is very much the gainer by all these measures, and he challenged mention of any political movement upon the part of the Tories to advance them. If the empire is great and stable to-day, as the Tory Premier asserts, if farm wages have risen forty per cent., if there is no disloyalty or discontent, the beneficent situation is due to the Liberal party, which has mainly governed the country for half a century. On the other hand, the Tories chiefly were in power from 1760 to 1830. During that time wages were low; there were open disloyalty and discontent, conspiracies, insurrections, and disorder. If now the Tory ascendency had continued, if the Tories had been able to prevent all the measures they so strenuously opposed, to-day there would have been chaos and anarchy, the aristocracy would have been extinct, and the crown which Tories especially pride themselves upon maintaining would be worth no more, under Tory supremacy, than the Turnerelli wreath. It was an inspiring survey; and delivered with that superb repose of strength which is the characteristic of this great orator, the effect must have been profound. "Much has been done in fifty years," he said, in conclusion. "Those who from this platform, or from any other platform, can speak in fifty years to come, I hope may be able to show that they also have done their duty in their time; and that England, whether it boasts or not of being an empire upon which the sun never sets, is an England with a population educated, well fed, civilized, enlightened—such a population as we can only have under a just and moral government."

STATE INSTRUCTIONS IN NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

A correspondent wishes to know the action of the Cincinnati Convention of 1876 in regard to the Pennsylvania contest about instructions. It is an important narrative, and should be remembered. Upon the calling of the roll for the second ballot, the vote of Pennsylvania was announced as solid for General Hartranft. Thereupon one of the delegates from the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the counties of Chester and Delaware, rose and stated that the vote had been incorrectly announced, as he and his colleague had requested that their votes should be declared as cast for Mr. Blaine. Two other delegates from Pennsylvania made the same request. The chairman of the Convention ruled as upon a question of the very highest privilege, that "it is the right of any and of every member equally to vote his sentiments in this Convention." An appeal was taken from the decision of the chairman, who was sustained by the Convention. Some altercation followed, and a motion to reconsider was entertained by the chair. A Pennsylvania delegate stated that the State Convention unanimously instructed the delegation to vote for Hartranft, and to vote as a unit under the direction of the majority. The delegation itself upon reaching Cincinnati resolved that its vote should be cast as a unit for Hartranft until twenty members should ask for a consultation. Two of the Pennsylvania delegates, from Chester and Delaware counties, replied that they represented a district for which they held credentials, and owed no allegiance to the State Convention. To this it was answered that they were the two who did so, and that they had been adopted by the State Convention. The chair here interposed, and said that the roll-call must continue, and all corrections of rulings be postponed until it was concluded. When the roll had been called, by a vote of 381 to 359 the decision of the chair was reconsidered.

General debate was then opened. On the one side it was urged that a delegate was honorably bound to obey instructions, and Mr. Giles W. Hotchkiss, of New York, held that the action of a Convention binds every member of a party. This was the argument for reversing the decision. On the other hand, it was alleged that the national Convention is a supreme body, and that no State Convention could bind its action. Mr. Woodford, of New York, declared that it was the right of every man to cast his own vote. Mr. Hale, of Maine, recalled the Chicago Convention of 1868, when the Pennsylvania delegation under instructions presented a Pennsylvanian for the Vice-Presidency. A delegate from Pittsburgh pleaded "the great principle of individual right to be represented in that Convention." The Convention overwhelmingly sustained him, and his vote was directed to be cast as he indicated by the chairman of the delegation. The debate closed with this citation of a conclusive precedent, and the decision of the chair was sustained by a vote of 395 to 353, and the four Pennsylvania votes were counted for Mr. Blaine.

Thus two Republican National Conventions, that of Chicago in 1868 and of Cincinnati in 1876, have declared the right of the individual delegate "to vote his sentiments," whether the State Convention has instructed or not. In other words, the National Convention denies the right of a State Convention to bind the votes of delegates in the National Convention; consequently instructions and "unit" resolutions would be of no avail. The only way to secure a unanimous vote from the delegation would be to select only such delegates as unanimously prefer the same candidate. This is the purpose of the proposed change in this State. It is to select delegates who shall represent the State Convention, and not the districts. It is to suppress the expression of difference of opinion, because an honest expression of different opinions is feared. Republicans must decide whether they will be gagged and silenced, or whether they will secure a fair hearing for all the Republican opinion of New York in the National Convention.

CONGRESS IN A CALM.

Congress is in session, but the news from Washington is very meagre and uninteresting. The general object evidently is avoidance. The Democratic fingers were so terribly burned in the extra session, and the Garcelon affair in Maine has so aroused and alienated public opinion, that the majority in Congress is mainly anxious to do nothing, and see what comes of it. Every Monday the Speaker snubs Mr. Weaver, whom he suspects of a design to precipitate a financial debate, which would probably entrap many unwary Democrats, while there is a Republican disposition to let the financial question be until a more convenient season. Congress is lying upon its oars. In the Senate Mr. Bayard has made a sound financial speech, much more in accord with the general Republican sentiment of the country than with general Democratic opinion, and he has been answered by one or two Senators of his own party, while the other side, with the exception of Mr. Morrill, has remained silent. The traveller at certain points in the Alps is said to be warned not to speak above a whisper lest he bring down an avalanche with his voice. Congress is in a very delicate pass of the Alps, and awful avalanches impend on every height. It is, in fact, the Presidential session, when all sides, and especially the responsible majority, are convinced that "there is no joy but calm," and piteously pray the halcyon to brood upon the sea.

There is one measure, however, which Congress ought not to neglect—a measure which will secure the brooding halcyon for next year, and save us from the storm of a disputed count. There is no good reason whatever for delaying the consideration and passage of a reasonable law for counting the electoral vote. It is not necessary now to define in a constitutional amendment the exact limits of the Vice-President's authority in regard to certificates, however desirable such definition may be, and however necessary to a permanent adjustment of the question of the count. The only probable trouble of the next count will arise upon objections to be determined by the two Houses, and some method should be prescribed in advance. This has been a plain necessity since the last election, and the subject should have been long since radically considered and settled. It is not the fault of the press that it has been slurred and neglected, but of Congress, and there is yet time for Congress to show works meet for repentance. Of course there is the same fear that any plan would lead to discussion, and necessarily to party recrimination, and the question of the Presidency would be surely drawn in. How it might be affected, who can tell? With the unquestionable genius of the Democrats for blundering, they may well look apprehensively upon the prospect of such a debate, while, with the small Democratic majority, the Republicans would be able to fence and delay and manage until they had drawn all the Democratic fire they desired.

The report of the Committee on Rules is a sweet boon, because it opens up endless discussions upon comparative methods of order, and that is not a question which is likely to affect Presidential chances. An eloquent orator may dilate upon the proper order of business without imperilling the prospects of Mr. Hendricks, or Mr. Bayard, or Mr. Thurman, but he might be a little shy of the previous question lest he should seem to declare for or against Mr. Tilden. Meanwhile profound calm overhangs the Democratic camp, and also obscurity. The last demonstration in Maine was so painful a failure that all the "booms" seem for the moment to be spent, and in the absence of any sign it is only asserted that Mr. Tilden is probably at work in his usual underground way, which should seem to have made him the mole of our politics. General Gordon relieves the Congressional tedium by writing a note to Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, deeply regretting and recalling some words spoken by him, which implied that he considered Mr. Stephens responsible for a falsehood which Mr. Stephens had merely repeated as a statement that he had heard, declining to say from whom. Mr. Stephens writes at great length, in reply, disclaiming all intention of discourtesy, or of saying or doing anything whatever offensive to General Gordon, and explaining just what he said and meant to say. Mr. Stephens concludes, very sensibly, by inviting General Gordon to come and see him, and talk it over, by which course they can arrive at a just understanding in a much better way than in personal altercations before a Senate committee, or in any other more belligerent arena. This is wise, and we wish that all differences in Congress might have so peaceful an end. Meanwhile, although there is not an end, there is perfect peace in Congress.

M. LESSEPS AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The talk about the Panama Canal is very loud in some of the newspapers, and there has been some debate in Congress; but there is very little popular or general interest in the subject, and very little knowledge of it. It is known that the French engineer M. Lesseps, who surveyed and completed the Suez Canal, has arrived upon the Isthmus of Panama, with the authority of a French company to survey, with the view of digging a canal. That is as far as the prospect has advanced. We do not understand that the money necessary for the actual work has been subscribed, or that the Nicaragua company, which holds a grant for another route, which has thoroughly surveyed and explored the ground, and which is perfectly familiar with the question and with its own interests, has been dismayed by anything which has yet been done. Meanwhile the august genius of the Monroe doctrine has been invoked by a cry of alarm that Europe is acquiring a certain control upon this continent, and that the time has come for the United States government to declare itself. But upon what and against whom? If a private company of Frenchmen can raise the means to open a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, why should the government of the United States take action? Should the enterprise be really promising and attractive, there is plenty of capital in this country which would flow to it. But while the French government and other governments are passive, why should we be troubled about the Monroe doctrine? The Monroe doctrine does not assert or imply that a private English or Russian company shall not build a railroad in Panama, if it promises to be profitable, nor that a private French company shall not dig a canal upon the same conditions.

The Monroe doctrine, as it is called, was set forth in two passages of the annual Message of President Monroe in 1823. The words are these:

> "We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers [European] to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This was in reference to Spanish America and the Holy Alliance. In the same Message, referring to the negotiation with Russia about boundaries upon this continent, President Monroe said:

> "In the discussion to which this interest has given rise, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

These passages contain the Monroe doctrine. It was an Executive declaration without legislative confirmation. It was an announcement to the European governments which had designs of armed intervention with Spanish-American colonies that had maintained their independence—governments which had not a very profound respect for ours, or apprehension of it—that we reserved all rights, and should decide for ourselves what to do to make our neighborhood secure. That attitude remains, although when Louis Napoleon intervened in Mexico to aid the rebellion in this country, we could do nothing, and fortunately the Mexicans themselves disposed of his interference. But M. Lesseps surveying upon the Isthmus is not an extension of the European political system to this country, and the residence of his workmen would not be colonization by a European power. If Colombia has granted rights to individuals which she was forbidden to grant by treaties with us, we shall of course attend to the business. But such action has nothing to do with the Monroe doctrine.

NAPOLEON AT HOME.

Since Madame D'Arblay's diary, which Macaulay epitomized in the Edinburgh *Review*, there has been no such glimpse of a royal interior as the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, one of the latest issues of the "Franklin Square Library." It is full of singularly entertaining gossip, if so light a word may be used to describe such revelations of character. The Napoleonic literature is very copious and interesting, but there is no chapter in it more vivid than these pages, which were written more than sixty years ago, and which are the copy of the daguerreotype; because, although the original was destroyed, it was immediately rewritten by the same hand, and the record has a certain stamp of sincerity, which is not questioned.

Before this severe and detailed but not unfriendly daily delineation of Napoleon, the glamour utterly fades from the man. It recalls Thackeray's ludicrous sketch of Louis the Fourteenth without the wig and the flowing robes. This may be a very great genius, soldier, and statesman, but he is a very mean, vulgar, and brutal man. The story of Madame De Rémusat fully explains the significance of the old saying, that Napoleon would not hesitate to listen at a key-hole; and oddly, as if spying were a family trait, M. De Rémusat, the grandson of the author, and editor of the book, says that in 1870 a letter of his mother to his father was found in a drawer of the writing-table of Louis Napoleon. "At least he was a gentleman," could not be said of such emperors.

The ascendency of Napoleon over the French people was absolute after the battle of Austerlitz, but he despised them none the less; and when he saw the affection with which the Austrian Emperor was received in Vienna after his total defeat, Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and said that Paris would not receive him so after he had been beaten. It is curious that the saddest and most pitiful figure in these memoirs is Queen Hortense, of whom M. De Rémusat says pretty plainly that his grandmother had a better opinion than other people were disposed to have. Josephine is admirably but unconsciously drawn—a soft, smiling, fascinating, indolent, ignorant, graceful, weak, and tactful creole. Indeed, even the regular readers of novels will find these memoirs very seductive, while the student of history will consider them very valuable.

WOMEN AS VOTERS IN NEW YORK.

In his Message to the Legislature, Governor Cornell, of New York, recommended that women should be made eligible for election as school trustees. The Legislature has passed a bill—in the Senate unanimously, and in the House with but three dissenters—not only making women eligible for such offices, but voters for them. The Governor has signed the bill, and thus a very important step forward has been taken. The great majority of teachers in the schools are women, and as mothers women have the same interest as fathers in the education of their children, while their care of the details of the education of girls is peculiarly fitting.

The Massachusetts law authorizes the voting of women for school trustees under certain conditions, and the number of women who availed themselves of the conditions was not very large. The payment of a tax was required, which undoubtedly deterred many, and it is obvious that the details of any such bill should be determined by the actual situation. Undoubtedly the argument which has really the greatest weight as to any voting of women is that only the ignorant and vicious would care to vote, and that they would exclude the more intelligent and desirable. This is a practical consideration which must be duly weighed. But it must be remembered that the similar argument in the case of men did not prevent the universal suffrage of male adults. It was agreed that there would be inconveniences, but that, upon the whole, it was desirable.

The remedies for the inconveniences of a general suffrage are not to be found, probably, in a severe restriction, but in other directions. This is because of the inevitable tendency of any popular suffrage to enlarge itself, and to absorb attention until it is enlarged. The remedy for railroad accidents is not a return to stage-coaches, but safeguards which contemplate the continuance of steam travel. The proposed reduction of the voting class in South Carolina by an educational test seems fair enough upon its face, but its object is evident enough: it is intended to prevent the education of the more ignorant voters, and so to hold them more readily in subjection.

PERSONAL.

Baron von Schlözer, the German minister to the United States, is a bachelor of plain and simple ways and habits, and was thoroughly trained to diplomatic work while private secretary to Prince Bismarck. He is a regular pedestrian, taking a long constitutional daily, going to the Post-office for his mail, and generally walking to the office of the Secretary of State, or the White House, when anything calls him in that direction.

—Mr. Bennett's princely donation of $100,000 to the famished people of Ireland has been splendidly supplemented by the Bank of Nevada, which sends to Mr. Bennett a check for $25,000—the largest sum ever contributed by any moneyed corporation in the world for a charitable purpose. Mr. Mackey, one of the five proprietors of the bank, had previously sent to Mr. Bennett, on his individual account, $10,000.

—General John Brisbin, who died a few days since, was a lawyer of eminence in New Jersey, and for many years counsel of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company. He left an estate of about $250,000, which, after deducting $50,000 bequeathed to relatives and friends, is to be distributed to the following charitable institutions of Newark: Female Charitable Orphan Asylum, Foster Home, St. Barnabas's and St. Michael's hospitals, Home for the Friendless, Home for Aged Women, Women's Christian Association, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

—Of the late ex-Secretary Adolph E. Borie the Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "He was foremost of the faithful in Philadelphia in preparing the country for defense, and for the vindication of the supremacy of the flag over every portion of the territory of the nation. It was the knowledge of this earnest and practical patriotism, this entire devotion to the safety of the country at a time of severe peril, that first attracted General Grant to Mr. Borie; and then, as acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the soldier came to know more and more of the pure character, the unselfish and honorable nature, of the man, and the probity of the merchant—and events having made the soldier President—it was because of these sterling qualities that he tendered to Mr. Borie the Navy Department, as one of his cabinet."

—Kossuth has made such arrangement for the publication of his memoirs as to rescue him from poverty, and place him in affluence for his remaining years.

—There are still Cheeryble Brothers, a close realization of which is seen in Sir W. Lawrence and Alderman Lawrence, of London, brothers and partners, who retired from business a few weeks ago. They banded over the whole of their business to their clerks and managers, who had served them faithfully for years, with the sum of $150,000 to carry it on, and gave the artisans who had served them for ten years and upward handsome sums, and a few of the oldest an annual pension of $100, reserving no interest in the new firm for themselves.

—The recent sale in Boston of sixty-two finished paintings and one hundred and one charcoal sketches and studies, by the late William M. Hunt, produced the sum of $60,000, while those previously withdrawn will produce as much or more. No posthumous sale of an artist's works in this country ever produced anything like such a sum. Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, writing from Boston to the *Tribune* in reference to the sale, says: "When it is considered that so large a proportion of these were simple sketches in charcoal, and what might be called unfinished, though finished in the sense that the artist never intended to add to them, it is safe to say that no such sum of money has ever been paid under similar circumstances, in this country, for work that was performed in so short a period of time."

—In the course of a highly appreciative review of Mr. Deshler's *Afternoons with the Poets*, published by Harper & Brothers, the London *Literary World* remarks: "This book is very beautifully printed, and might most fitly be looked into as an example for publishers and printers on this side the Atlantic. It is a handsome specimen of an American book. We recommend it cordially to those who wish to make a very pleasant acquaintance with a large number of the best poets of the olden times and of the present day."

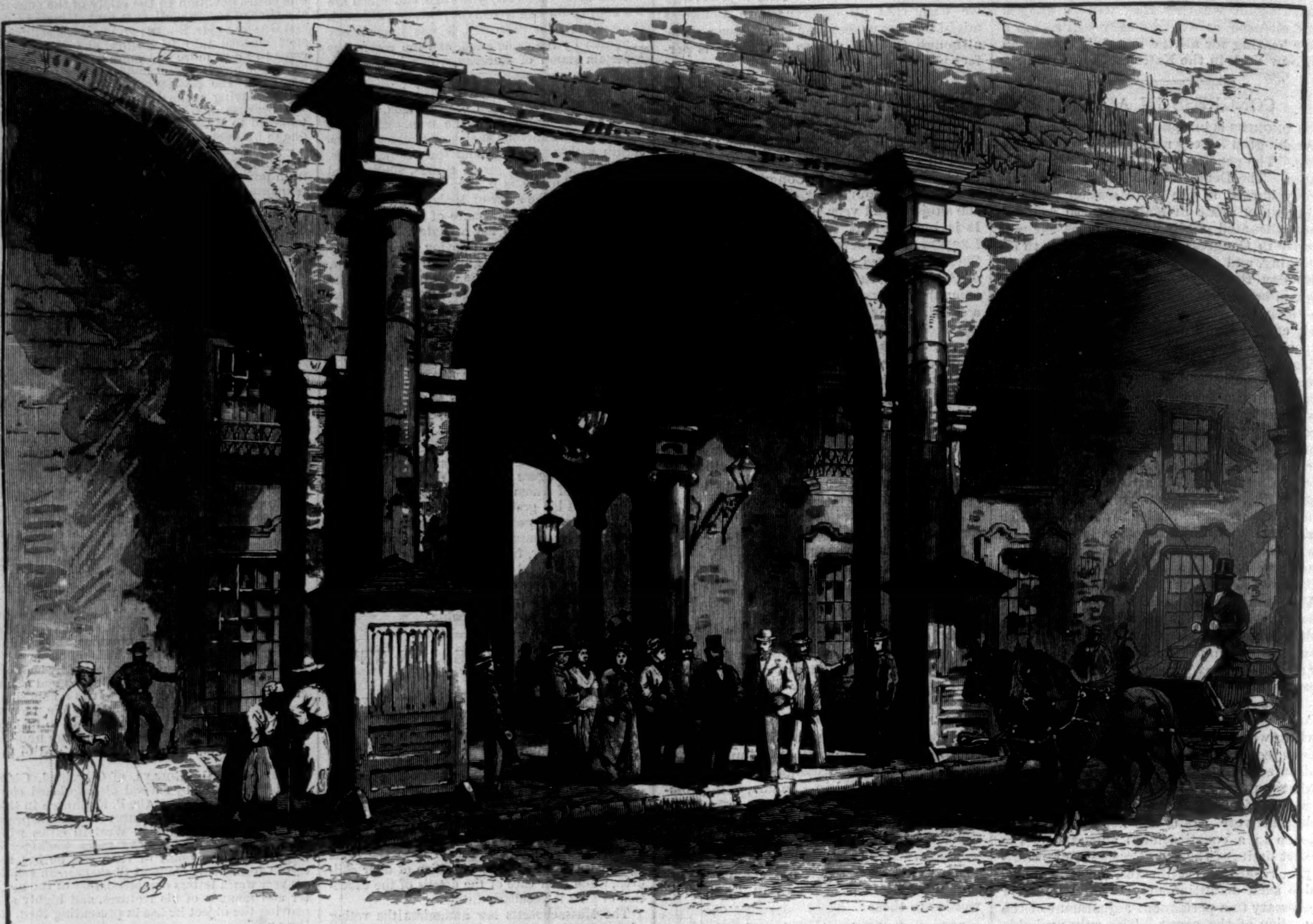
—The Rev. Dr. Bolles, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been invited by several distinguished clerical and lay members of the P. E. Church in this city to deliver the lectures on Shakspeare which he has delivered in Western cities with great success. Dr. Bolles takes Shakspeare from a religious point of view, and he has received from many eminent Shakspearean scholars very warm letters commendatory of the matter and manner of his lectures, and highly approving the object he has in presenting them to the public.

—One of the notable of the younger members of Parliament is Mr. Chamberlain, of Birmingham, who has remarkable popularity with the working people of that city. He is rather under middle height, slight, pale, student-like, with a thin whisker, and eyeglass, carefully dressed, and reserved in manner, yet, withal, of a very resolute bearing. He is a man of singular abilities, of considerable culture, with very definite aims in politics, and great earnestness. His speaking is cold in manner, but trenchant, and sometimes bitter. He has ability as an organizer, and is regarded with interest and favor by Liberals, and with anxiety and disfavor by the Tories.

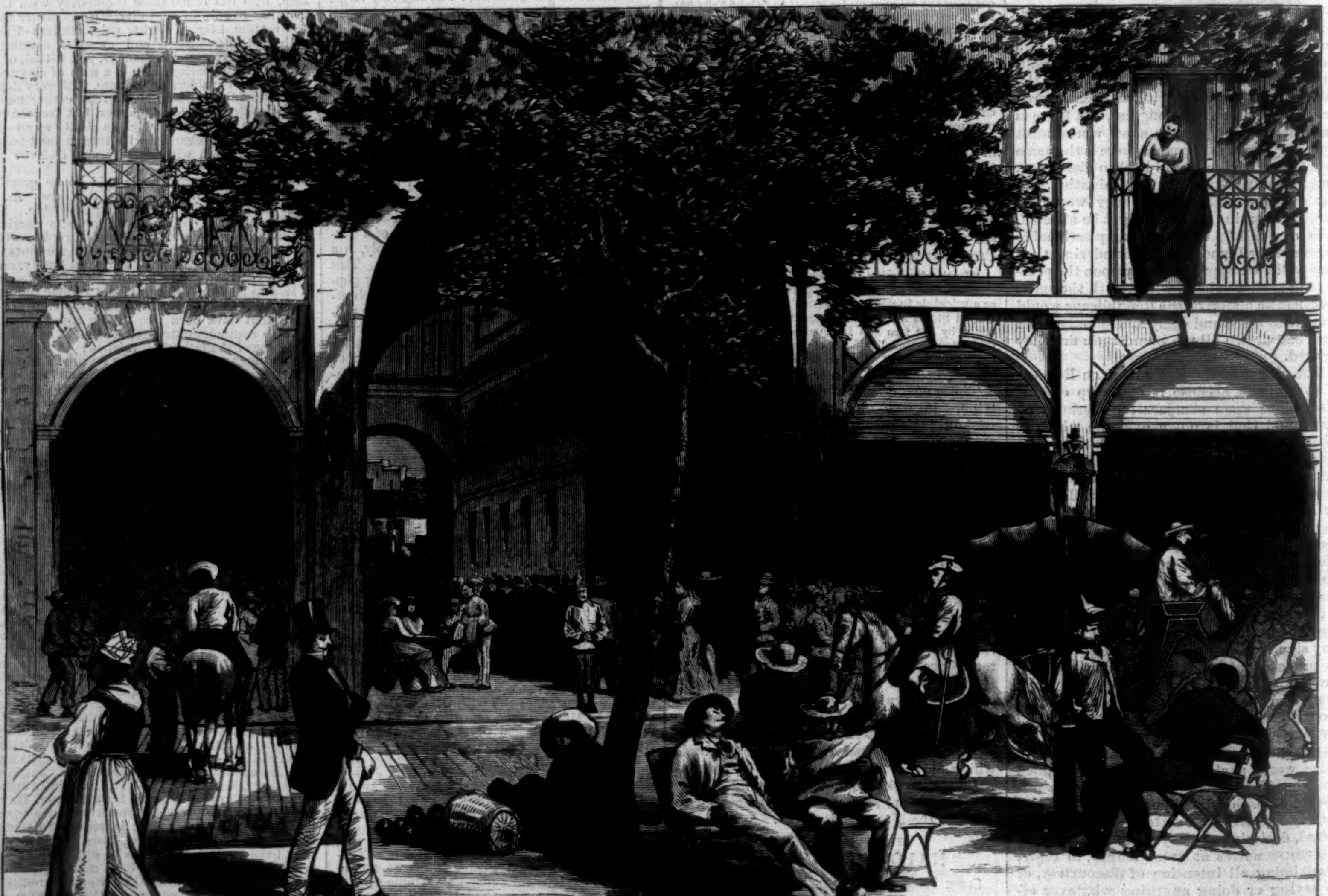
—Lord Beaconsfield is said to be greatly beloved by his intimates and retainers. As a host he is amiable, but not companionable. He seldom joins in conversation, but sits nursing his own thoughts, and if addressed, replies with some mystic truism. Sometimes he consents to play a game of whist with the royal family, and plays execrably. Hughenden, his country-seat, is said to be a pretentious villa, to which numerous additions have been made. It is shut in by trees that have been planted by royal personages to commemorate their visits. The rooms are somewhat glaringly furnished; on the walls hang numerous pictures of the Premier's friends. There is a large collection of books, and amongst them many which are presents from the Queen.

—The designs for the elaborate dinner service for the White House at Washington, on which Mr. Theodore R. Davis has been at work for the past six months, are now in the hands of Messrs. Haviland & Co. for the purpose of being manufactured. Each piece has a separate design, and both the shapes and the decorations are unique in style, and have been greatly admired in artistic as well as "crockery" circles in this country and in Europe. The designs were painted in water-colors, and the various American fish, game, and fruits decorate the plates for the various courses. There are nearly one hundred pieces in the set, and every section of the country is represented in the designs. It is by far the most elaborate work of the kind that has been attempted by an American artist.

—The appointment of Mr. Lowell as minister to London is very generally alluded to as a compliment to the literature of the country, as though literary men were not exactly the class of beings to whom could safely be intrusted the management of international affairs. The history of American diplomacy, on the contrary, is in the highest degree creditable to its literary representatives, several of whom have distinguished themselves as diplomatists, as Franklin, Jefferson, the Adamses, the Everetts, Bancroft, Marsh, and Motley; while Irving, Bigelow, Taylor, Boker, Hawthorne, Hay, and others, have proved themselves quite equal to any work that has been intrusted to them. One thing, at least, is exceptional with them: they have never involved us in difficulties, never done us discredit, never been unacceptable to the countries to which they were accredited, and never failed to command the approval of their countrymen abroad or at home, which is more than can be said of some who have exhausted their faculties in a few little struts at royal levees, and imagined that the appearance of their names in print as having been present at the Duke of Turniptopshire's, or at a kettle or snare drum at Lady Blab's, was really a matter of some pith and moment.

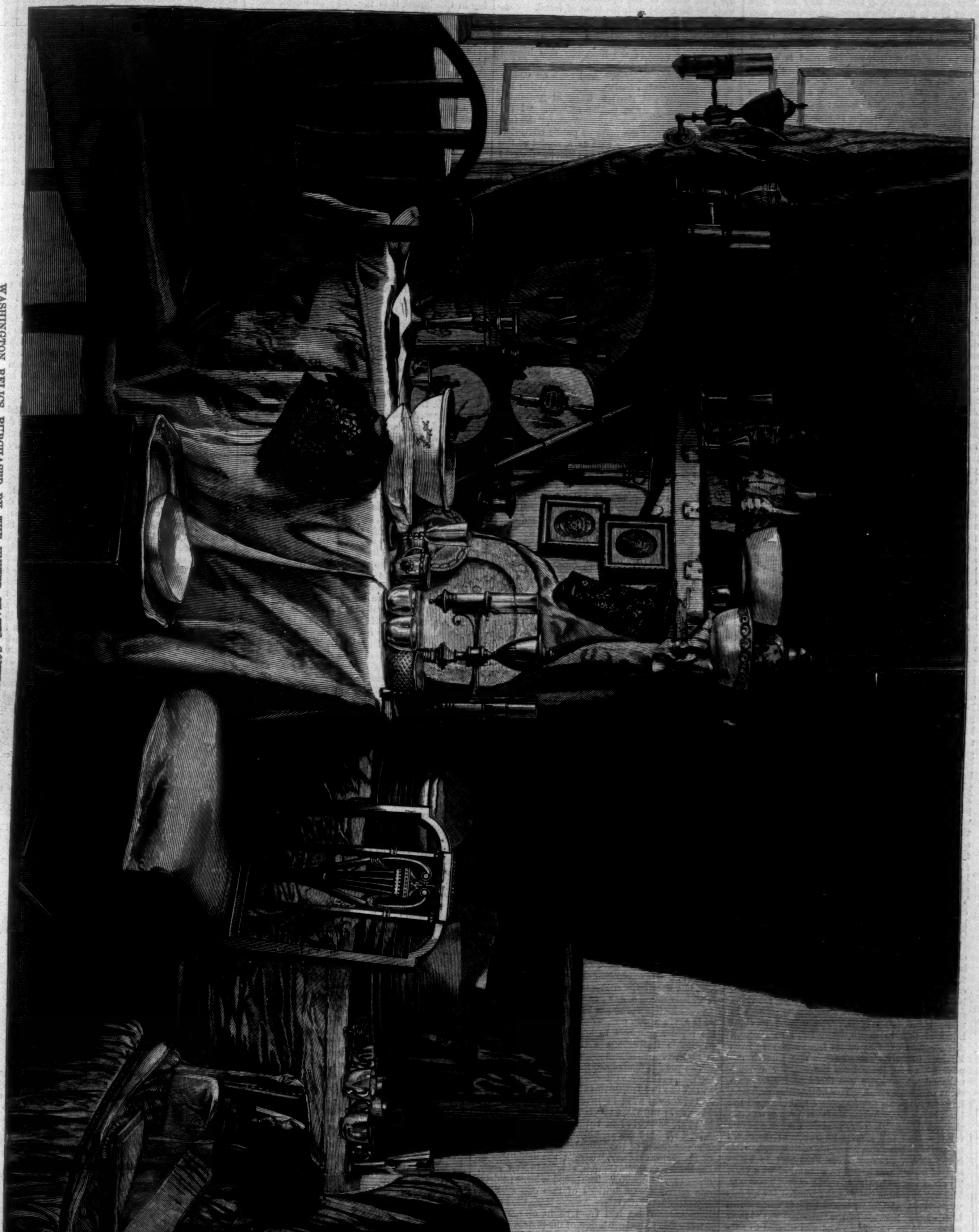


AT THE PORTAL OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA.



AFTERNOON SCENE UPON THE PRADO, HAVANA.

GENERAL GRANT IN CUBA—THE VISIT TO HAVANA.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



WASHINGTON RELICS, PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FROM THE LEWIS FAMILY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

CATHOLIC RAIDS ON THE CITY TREASURY.

The Roman Catholic Church may know the way of life, in the higher sense of the term, and we may charitably hope does teach that way to its people, but in New York the road on which it is most frequently seen by the citizens is the road to the city treasury. The road is wholly its own, laid out by skillful ecclesiastical engineers, and well worn with constant use. Milton tells us that the fallen spirits built a bridge from their prison-house to this earth:

> "With pins of adamant
> And chains they made all fast; too fast they made,
> And durable."

We will not press the comparison too far, and liken the Church's servants to the lost spirits, but surely they have with as consummate art and durable pinning built *their* bridge to the city's cash-box. All attempts to drive them off have so far failed; and they are now, under the color of the law, helping themselves as liberally to the people's money as in the palmy days of Tweed's Ring.

This statement will no doubt surprise many citizens who suppose that appropriations of public funds for the support of Roman Catholic institutions in New York are no longer known, but what is here asserted is susceptible of proof from official documents. In 1870 the Church obtained from the city $676,495; in 1878, $710,350; in 1869, $771,612; in 1879, $657,107: with slight differences in the years the average is nearly the same. In eleven years, the Roman Catholic institutions in and near New York have obtained $6,007,118 of public money. The arts by which this corporate body has thus secured endowment for itself are worth narrating; and as Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins has searched the records, and has gathered and tabulated the facts, we avail ourselves, with his permission, of the fruits of his industry.

But by way of episode, an illustration may be given of the Church's skill in securing private benefactions, and then in protecting them from all charges for the support of the government. An Irishman, Cornelius Heeney by name, purchased a long time ago a farm near what was then the village of Brooklyn, but is now one of the most populous parts of that city. It was about half a mile in length, and three hundred and fifty feet in width. It now covers nine city blocks, or two hundred lots, and extends from Court Street to the river, and is bounded on the sides by Warren and Pacific streets. Heeney lived to the great age of ninety-four years, was a Catholic, but his relatives were Protestants. When he had reached his ninetieth year, says Mr. Hawkins, "the priests managed to surround him with their satellites, to exclude his relatives from his house, and to obtain a will from him giving to institutions of the Roman Catholic Church nearly his entire estate." Most of the estate was devised to a benevolent society not incorporated. During the four last years of this Irishman's life the priests studiously prevented all access of kindred to him. They had the will already drawn to suit their purpose, and it was all important to guard against the possibility of alteration. To make sure of their object, Heeney was, one year before his death, declared a lunatic, and one of their own friends appointed trustee of the estate. Priestly astuteness did not stop here: before the property was acquired, an act of the Legislature was obtained exempting forever from taxation all the estate, real and personal, which the expectant society should hold. In 1848 Mr. Heeney died, faithfully watched over to the last by his ecclesiastical legatee. The property is now immensely valuable; if taxed, it would bring into the treasury of the city of Brooklyn $100,000 per annum. The efforts to obtain the repeal of the law which exempts it from taxation have failed because the local politicians fear to lose the influence of the Church.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral, on the corner of Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, is an imposing pile; but no New-Yorker can look on it without feeling that in order to build it the city has been outrageously plundered. The story of this robbery has been told and denied, but Mr. Hawkins gives it in detail, and relies on official records to make his charges good. The ground is eight hundred feet in depth, from Fifth to Madison Avenue, and extends on its front and rear from Fiftieth to Fifty-first Street. The Church got possession of a lease from the city for a nominal sum. This lease was forfeited for non-payment of ground-rent. The authorities declined, however, to press the forfeiture, and changed the lease into a fee. When Madison Avenue was run through this plot, the city paid the Church $24,000 for the land taken, once its own, and then added a gift of $8928 to cover an assessment. The block above, running from Fifty-first to Fifty-second Street, was leased at a rental of $1 a year. The two blocks are now worth over $3,000,000. The consideration paid by the Church for all this was—votes. If the political leaders came down handsomely, the vote of the Catholics was at their service. The dealer in votes was invited to subscribe to some one of the Church's charities. "Such an invitation," says Mr. Hawkins, "given to the managers of the Tweed Ring when it was *in extremis*, brought nearly $200,000 for the completion of the cathedral; and to the astonishment of good citizens, Tweed, after exposure, secured votes enough in his district to be re-elected to the State Senate by the largest majority ever given in this city for one Senator." The cathedral is no doubt a monument of the piety of the Roman Catholics of the city; many devout members of the Church have practiced honest self-denial in order to promote its erection; but it is equally a monument of the unscrupulousness of their leaders, and of the shameless plundering of the city of New York. No architectural splendors, no beauty of decoration, can hide these scandalous stains. There is a marble in the West which exudes blotches of asphaltic blackness, and to the eye of every New-Yorker who knows the facts the pure white of the cathedral's walls will always be darkened with the taint of fraud.

The greatest successes of the Church, however, in extracting money from the public purse have been won for its parish and other schools. It is the fixed purpose of the hierarchy that heretic New-Yorkers shall pay heavily for the education of the Church's children. And such an education! Mr. Hawkins narrates a conversation between himself and the late Cardinal Antonelli, Papal Secretary, upon public schools. "I described to Antonelli," says the narrator, "the free public schools and the state of public education in Massachusetts, giving that as a model of the American system. His reply was that he 'thought it better that children should grow up in ignorance than to be educated in such a system of schools as the State of Massachusetts supported; that the essential part of the education of the people was the catechism, and while arithmetic and geography, reading and writing, and other similar studies, might be useful, they were not essential.'" In this estimate of the value of popular education Cardinal Antonelli was by no means singular; his opinion was fully illustrated in the practice of the Papal States, and unquestionably had the sanction of the Pope. In New York city the Catholic parish schools have failed to arrest the spread of Irish pauperism. From 1871 to 1875, a space of five years, the Department of Charities and Correction took charge of 98,787 Irish paupers, 63,178 of American birth, 24,273 German, and 17,653 of all other nationalities. These figures, reduced to a ratio based on the last United States census of each race in this city, and taking the Americans as the unit of the ratio, give the following result:

Americans	1.00
Irish	3.50
Germans	1.33
All others	1.50

The probability that a pupil from an Irish Catholic parish school will become a pauper is three and a half times greater than in the case of a pupil from a city public school. Whether this comparison is accurate or otherwise, the fact remains that the Catholic parish schools do not dry up the stream of Irish pauperism. They may teach the catechism; they may show the way to heaven; but they do not breed the manly independence which disdains a support from public charity. How should they, the offshoots of a Church which has exalted mendicancy to the rank of an almost celestial virtue, whose whole aspect is of a contrasted splendor and penury, whose appointed order of life includes the episcopal Dives seated on high in purple and fine linen, and the laic Lazarus in rags and tatters at the gate?

For these schools, so defective, so incapable of producing a good type of citizenship, the Roman Catholic Church in New York has practiced chicanery, has joined hands with rascality, in order to make them a charge upon the city treasury. When Tweed was in power, the priests had all they wished for the asking; but in 1872 Tweed was overthrown. At the time of his expulsion and the flight of his accomplices the sectarian appropriations for New York, authorized in the tax levy, had reached the enormous sum of $1,000,000 for a single year. In 1874 two amendments to Article VIII. of the State Constitution, drawn up to prevent this subsidizing of a sect by the State, were adopted by the people. The first forbade the giving of money or the loaning of credit by the State to any association, corporation, or private undertaking; the second forbade any county, city, town, or village from giving its money or loaning its credit for such purposes. Unfortunately the first of the amendments contained a clause allowing the Legislature to make provision for the support of juvenile delinquents: this saved the Roman Catholic Protectory. A clause in the second amendment stated that no county, city, town, or village should be prevented from making such provision for the aid or support of its poor as might be authorized by law. These exceptions are on their face harmless, but they have enabled the camel to get his head into the doorway of the city's treasury; by degrees he has worked in his whole body, so that he is again in full possession. He can now make his regular journeys to and from the Church's charitable institutions well freighted with the city's cash.

The precise figures are the following: In 1869 the Roman Catholic Church received from the city $771,612; in 1870, $676,495; in 1871, $502,592; in 1872, $421,674; in 1873, $338,336; in 1874, $326,797; in 1875, $459,187; in 1876, $554,285; in 1877, $588,677; in 1878, $710,350; in 1879, $657,107. Let the ascending scale be observed. The daughters of the horse-leech, says the Book of Proverbs, ever cry, "Give"; the daughters of the Roman Catholic Church, at least in New York, never cry, "Enough." The brood is large; thirty-one charitable institutions of this one sect are beneficiaries of the city. Among them the Foundling Asylum has had from us in eleven years $1,450,223; the Institution of the Sisters of Mercy, $278,630; the House of the Good Shepherd, $254,139; the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, $188,819; and still, despite these subsidies, the Church's poor are in all our streets. From dawn to dewy eve do they not ring our area door-bells, waiting with capacious baskets to take what Protestant charity is ready to give?

Is the Catholic Church, then, an institution for the promotion of mendicancy? Does it not set an evil example to its own people by its failure to show a manly purpose to support itself? Must its splendors be maintained by downright robbery of the tax-payers? by adroit evasions, for the accomplishing of its selfish ends, of the Constitution and laws? The worst feature in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in New York is that the corrupter the political rings, the closer are its bonds of amity with them. That fact alone will be its condemnation when the American people make their final judgment of its proceedings, as they certainly will. Bad as is the story of suffering in Cincinnati, it is the story of misfortune; our sympathies are touched for the venerable archbishop and his deluded people. But the story of the Church's administration in New York is the story of a crime, and that crime will assuredly work out its own retribution.

One remedy alone will adequately protect the city from these intolerable evils in time to come—the withdrawal of appropriations of public money from sectarian institutions of every kind, whether Protestant or Catholic, Jewish or Christian; and to this complexion we must come at last.

G. R. Crooks.

NEW BOOKS.

An exquisite and sumptuous quarto volume, entitled *Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson*, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is a book which should be introduced into every household in the land. Music in the family circle is a refining and harmonizing element, one that renders home attractive, and changes the long monotonous winter evenings into delightful seasons, cherished years after among the sweetest of memories. Nothing could be better adapted to home use than this beautiful volume, in which the tenderest and most familiar of Tennyson's songs are combined with music by the very first living composers. All the melodies have been composed expressly for this work. There are forty-five pieces, solos, songs with chorus, and part-songs, adapted to all voices, of varied compass, and more or less elaborate. Among the composers are Gounod, Liszt, Raff, Arthur Sullivan, J. L. Hatton, Joachim, Otto Goldschmidt, and other well-known celebrities. The volume is illustrated by American artists, contains a striking portrait of Tennyson, and is beautifully bound and printed. Rarely is a book published in which so much musical and poetic genius is so rarely combined with artistic grace and elegance.

—*Studies in German Literature*, by Bayard Taylor, is published in one neat volume by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This book awakens many sad and tender memories, and as one reads the clear, forcible, and elegantly turned sentences, their author seems to speak again, going over and over the history of that literature which none knew and comprehended so well as he. Had Mr. Taylor lived, it was his intention to enlarge these studies, which had already been given to the public as lectures, before publishing them in book form; but he was called away before his work was done, while his life was still rich in unfinished plans. For those familiar with German literature this volume of studies is fascinating as a romance, for the love of the writer for his subject is apparent in every line, and its whole scope, from earliest times down through all its changes, until the grand days of Goethe and Schiller and their contemporaries, was as familiar to him as the simple household melodies of his native land. Neither could there be a better guide placed in the hands of any desiring to begin the study of this great and rich literature, for only those who love their subject can inspire enthusiasm in the pupil. Although in these lectures Mr. Taylor deals only with epochs and a few representative men, even with these few touches he conveys a truer idea of the real spirit of German literature than many have done in extended and complete histories.

—A very attractive volume, published by R. Worthington, is *The Doré Gallery of Bible Stories*, containing fifty-two large engravings selected from Doré's celebrated illustrations of the Holy Bible. The text for this work is prepared by Josephine Pollard, who has shown admirable skill in the adaptation of Bible stories, telling them in simple, clear language, condensing, and yet omitting nothing essential. A good Bible story is difficult to write, and Miss Pollard deserves much praise for her share in this book, which is in every way calculated to interest and please children, as well as older people, admirers of Doré's wonderful drawings.

—*The Child's Catechism of Common Things*, by J. D. Champlin, author of the *Young Folk's Cyclopædia*, is a useful volume, published by Henry Holt & Co. It contains answers to all kinds of questions referring to the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and it would take a very inventive childish mind to suggest a question which is not answered fully and clearly in this little book. It also forms a most convenient hand-book for grown-up people, as it contains much information concerning matters of every-day interest. Two very attractive volumes, also published by Henry Holt & Co., are *Sunshine and Storm in the East*, a handsomely printed and elegantly illustrated book of travel, by Mrs. Brassey, whose sparkling style is already familiar to American readers through her former travels, *Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam;* and *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, by Sir George W. Cox and E. H. Jones. There is an irresistible charm in mediæval legend, which never grows prosaic and never grows old. The exploits of King Arthur and his famous Knights of the Round Table are new and delightful to every generation. Tennyson has thrown a wreath of poetry around many of the tales, but the legends themselves were immortal long before Tennyson was born, and the world never tires of reading new versions of the deeds of these heroes of olden time. In the present volume are romances of King Arthur and his knights, of the famous Roland, of Beowulf, the sad tale of the Nibelungen, and other early German legends, the story of Frithjof, and quaint glimpses into all the branches of the romances of old. The stories are well told in simple language, with delicate touches of ancient style, which render them all the more unique and charming.

—Two new issues of Messrs. Harper & Brothers' edition of biographies of "English Men of Letters" are *Southey*, by Professor Dowden, and *Hawthorne*, by Henry James, Jun. The outward life of Southey was extremely uneventful, but no one of his generation, says Professor Dowden, lived so completely in and for literature as did he. His biography is that of a purely literary man, whose sole aim in life was to accumulate, arrange, and distribute knowledge. In the final chapter of this neat volume the author gives an excellent summary of Southey's work in literature. Mr. James's life of Hawthorne is written in the peculiar jaunty vein for which Mr. James is noted. The biographical facts are mostly drawn from the work by Mr. Lathrop, but many new points are not wanting, and there is much brilliant writing and introduction of various social episodes, affording glimpses into the life and manners among which the author of so many charming tales was born and reared. The volume is one of the most readable of this popular series.

—A lively little *brochure*, also by Mr. James, is *A Bundle of Letters*, published by Loring, in which some Americans, young men and maidens, write from Paris to their friends at home. The satire is very sharp, and it is sad to admit that it is grounded in solid fact. A neat little book, called *What is a Gentleman?* containing "Harry's," "Mother's," and "Father's" ideas on the subject, many of them very sensible, is also published by Loring.

—Some very valuable works have been published recently in "Harper's Franklin Square Library," thus placing a vast amount of information in the hands of the reading public at a price so low as to render it almost a gift. To obtain a complete and valuable history for the small sum of fifteen cents is something hitherto unknown in the history of book-making. But a recent number of the "Franklin Square Series" contains a comprehensive *résumé* of important events during the nineteenth century, by Robert Mackenzie. Beginning with previous events necessary to an understanding of the situation at the opening of the present century, Mr. Mackenzie traces the career of Bonaparte, the progress of affairs in Great Britain, in France, Austria, Italy, Russia, and other countries down to the present day. His work is clearly arranged, and abounds in dates placed as head-lines to the events they mark. Two other numbers of the "Franklin Square Series" contain the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine until 1808. These memoirs include the daily records kept by Madame Rémusat, in which she jotted down everything she witnessed of the private and public life of Bonaparte and Josephine, and the members of the court by which they were surrounded, and are probably the most accurate picture of those times ever presented to the public. The Messrs. Harper have recently published a handsome library edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's *History of our Own Time*, which also appeared as an earlier number of the "Franklin Square Series."

SKATING.

> "In the frosty moonlight, clear and dark,
> Gleams the virgin ice. There is not a mark
> Of the trenchant steel on its crystal sheen;
> But to-morrow shall look on another scene.
>
> "To-morrow the bright fair sun shall glance
> On a scene as weird as a witches' dance;
> A thousand forms in a flying reel
> Shall scar this plain with their skates of steel."

Some time ago a newspaper paragraphist announced that a practical embodiment of the poetry of motion was "skating with a pretty girl." Mr. Frost convinces us by his fine double-page engraving that the poetry of motion thus exemplified also affords most excellent opportunities for the stationary and statuesque purposes of art. What can approach ideal beauty nearer than this same pretty girl, clad in close-fitting costume, her cheeks flushed with air and exercise, and every movement graceful, provided of course she has mastered the mysteries of skating?

> "Twinkling feet,
> Small and neat,
> Peeping out from sly retreat;
> Neatest ankle e'er was seen
> Underneath a crinoline.
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Two dear skates,
> Têtes-à-têtes,
> With them wonders she creates,
> And with web and woof she'll weave
> Fairy spells you can not leave."

The fair skater's escort also appears to an excellent advantage; for if not classed precisely among the manly sports, skating shows off most effectively the good points of those who are physically favored. Many a skating scene would make a most attractive picture; and the fact that our artist has chosen the banks of the Schuylkill for a background, and a merry Philadelphia party for models, is far from indicating that the beaux and belles of other parts of our Union do not appear equally well when shod with steel and gliding over the ice.

When, where, and how skating first originated is unknown, for as far back as we have any account of it, it was perfectly well known and practiced in the whole North. An Edda of the tenth century, Strutt tells us, mentions that the god Uller was distinguished by his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. With so venerable a tradition to fall back upon, it seems a pity that the hardy Norseman has not contributed more to either the literature or the practice of skating. Skating, indeed, unlike most other subjects, has no literature, if we except one or two volumes of very recent origin. It is most probable that the amusement was one which, in spite of Uller, was for a long time confined chiefly to the lower and middle classes, and never reached among them the high pitch of an art. It was probably looked upon as an accomplishment the summit of which was reached when the performer could succeed in running along swiftly on his skates, and finish off with a long triumphant slide on two feet in a straight line forward. "Outside edges," "spins," "toe-steps," and "ringlets" had no existence, and were not dreamed of. A gentleman would probably then have no more thought of trying to execute different figures on the ice than he would at the present day of dancing in a drawing-room on the tips of his toes. It was about a century ago that the rude steps of the skater were first infused with an artistic spirit, and moulded by cultivation, though who was the genius that first compelled his slippery foot to adapt itself to 3's and 8's, history, profuse in unimportant records, gives no hint.

Such light as we can get upon the origin of skating comes in from poetry—a suitable source, perhaps, for information, if we adopt our paragraphist's idea. In Bishop Percy's translation of Runic poetry, skating is alluded to among other accomplishments possessed by Harold. This hero, in a poem called "Harold's Complaint," says: "I know how to perform eight exercises—I fight with courage; I keep a firm seat on horseback; I am skilled in swimming; I glide along the ice on skates; I excel in darting the lance; I am dexterous at the oar—and yet a Russian maid disdains me." Again, in the same collection, to show the exercises a Northern hero is proficient in, we read: "I am master of nine accomplishments: I play well at chess; I know how to engrave Runic letters; I am apt at my book, and know how to handle the tools of the smith; I traverse the snow on skates of wood; I excel in shooting with the bow and managing the oar; I sing to the harp, and compose verses." In the twenty-fourth table of the Edda, skating is spoken of to the same effect: "Then the king asked what the young man could do who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered that in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the countries." The king is so far gracious that he owns the talent a very fine one.

From analogy the art of skating must have been derived from the practice of sliding with snow-shoes or broad runners. But these shoes were made only of wood, and resembled the present form of snow-shoes which are used by the inhabitants of the most northerly parts of Sweden and Norway in the mountain tracts on their journeys across the immense snow-fields. They were also used originally by the Finnish people in the North, for which reason they were called "Skrid Finnai" (Sliding Finns)—a common name for the most ancient inhabitants of Sweden, both in the North Saga and by foreign authors. After iron became known and was worked in the North, iron runners were put on these snow-shoes; and in this way the present form of skates was developed, as well as a proficiency in skating on ice. In this the Northern people early excelled, and it came to be reckoned as one of their chief accomplishments, the Norsk Saga mentioning it with pride. But as among these Northern people were also the Anglo-Saxons, who in the year 450 subdued the south part of Britain, together with Danes and Normans, who—the former in 1015, and the latter in 1066—conquered the whole of England, probably the use of skates was introduced into that country by these people, together with other Northern customs. On these grounds the origin of the present form of skates may be attributed to the Northern people about two hundred years after the birth of Christ.

Most of the important improvements in skates have been made within twenty years. The first ice skates used in this country were of German manufacture, and consisted of iron or steel runners, which culminated in an artistic twist of several windings in front of the toe, the end of which was ornamented with a brass knob. That part of the runner which touched the ice was grooved with a "gutter," and the runner surmounted with a wooden top, in the heel of which was an iron point, afterward changed to a screw. The mode of fastening the skate to the foot was by several straps which wound round the foot and ankle, and were often stuck full of sticks to tighten them to an excruciating degree. These skates were called "turn-overs," and they flourished for a very long period. The English skate, the runners of which stopped short at the height of the wooden top, were considered rather dangerous on account of the sharpness of the toe-piece, but were nevertheless adopted, as was also the wide strap across the foot, with an improved heel strap. Rockers came next in vogue; shoe-skates were popular, and then iron tops made their way; and as frosted feet became a malady with tight strappings, and imprecations loud and deep were hurled at skating, manufacturers found it necessary to devise some new method of fastening the skate to the foot. Genius finally invented clamps for heel and toe, clumsy and impracticable at first, but afterward improved, until what is considered nearly perfection was at last reached in the "club skate." The height, thickness, curve, and length of the runner are still matters of controversy, but on the whole it seems as if there were not much room for improvement left. Certainly the club skate is a marvel of adaptation when compared with the outlandish Dutch "turn-over"; but who can tell if the time will not come when our much-admired skate will not be held up to derision, as we now hold up the old style of Dutch skate for the amusement of the present generation?

The art of skating, like that of swimming, is one which, when learned betimes, is never entirely forgotten. To be a good skater, it is not necessary to have cleverness, nimbleness, or strength. It is far more important to have boldness, and most important of all to have plenty of practice. The repeated putting off and on of the skates, the patient plodding over a difficult figure, the readiness to learn by example, are the means by which excellence is reached, and they are much more easy to the young than to the middle-aged. There are, indeed, some cardinal maxims in good skating which the most patient learner would take long in finding out for himself. It does not suggest itself to the untutored mind that half the work is practically done by the foot which is off the ice. Ease in crossing the feet, uprightness, and, still more, slowness of action, are things which are in reality indispensable to the first-rate performer, but may very well appear of little consequence to the beginner. In fact, although there are one or two text-books in existence, skating is an accomplishment that is preserved almost entirely by tradition. Age and experience have the field practically to themselves. Rising talent may display itself in any new form that it likes, but it seldom succeeds in establishing fertile innovations upon the practice of its elders. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the art is not one which has since historic times experienced some decline, if it be true, as it has been said, that the celebrated artist Benjamin West was able to trace with his skates on the ice the outlines of any statue that might be named—an idea in the contemplation of which the modern mind can only take refuge in the confidence that it can not be true. But however this may be, it must be readily conceded that the best skaters are not always the young. The audacious pirouettes, the marvellous quadrilles, which delight the spectator, are often most boldly and most successfully executed by men who have skated for many years.

But, after all, the great necessity for skating is a smooth and solid field of ice, and of this we are having less and less year by year. Our climate is following after that of England. Some ten years ago a writer in that country laments over the weakened domination of old King Winter in the British Isles as follows: "There is certainly no one point in which the national degeneracy, which began with the Reform Bill, and culminated in railways, is now more glaringly manifest than in the weather. To say that English weather is not what English weather used to be, is but to say what would apply equally well to port-wine, Parliamentary eloquence, and reverence for years and rank. But the falling off in weather has been most complete. It may be the levelling tendency of the age, or it may be Admiral Fitzroy; but if we are always to have frosts of the average length of two days each, one may as well emigrate at once to Labrador. The manlier virtues had better retire from business entirely if, after much effort, the ice in the parks is to reach the final thickness of half an inch. Who is to teach the rising generation to hurl the adventurous snow-ball, and fabricate the illegal slide, if the snow is to fall thinly on Saturday morning, and turn into mud at the latest on Saturday afternoon? The citizens of London, says some old chronicler, used to hold fairs on the frozen Thames, and roast an ox whole on the ice. At present, for all we can see, they will be just about as likely to set the Thames alight altogether."

We are now, according to the calendar, in the closing days of winter, and as yet we have had scarcely a dozen days when our citizens have been able to disport themselves on the ice. The ponds have been smiling bodies of water, the waves reflecting airily the warm beams of a January sun. Soon March will be upon us, and if he follows the example of preceding months, will show only his lamb-like, and none of his lion-like, side. Short, fickle, and unsatisfactory as Jack Frost's visits have been, we can scarcely hope for much more of him, and will soon have to sing:

"But Jack has gone to another domain,
While Spring commences a milder reign,
Breaking the chain of a king so bold,
Loosing the waters from icy hold.

"Farewell, old king, but tarry not long;
Return to us soon, and the skater throng
Will join in your glee, and chide your delay,
Though we doff the steels now, and put them away."

GENERAL GRANT IN CUBA.

The new steam-ship *Admiral*, having on board the General and his party, dropped anchor opposite the government wharf, in the harbor of Havana, on the morning of January 22, after a pleasant and speedy voyage from Cedar Key, Florida.

The reception by the Cuban authorities was informal and quiet. The distinguished visitors landed from the steamer under escort of officials representing the Captain-General, who was absent from the city at the time, and were driven directly to the palace, which with its garden is closely hemmed in by mercantile houses, and is quite near the quay. A guard of honor was in front of the entrance to the palace, flanking the driveway, and extending in diverging lines out into the street. At the foot of the stairs stood General Collejos and the Alcalde Municipal of the city, to receive the visitors, who were escorted to magnificent quarters in the north wing of the palace. They passed through the parlors, where General Grant tarried a moment to look at the portraits of Martinez Campos, Jovellar, and others. Then they were informed that a lunch was waiting, and they entered a grand dining-room. The daughters of General Collejos, the Secretary of the Interior, and Colonel Cerero joined the party, and an hour was spent at the banquet, as the "lunch" proved to be. The afternoon was spent in a drive about the city.

As the 23d was the birthday of King Alfonso, congratulatory telegrams were exchanged between the General and the King. The same day a state dinner was given, and later a special performance at the Tacon Theatre, which was attended by the tourists. At an early hour of the morning something occurred which was not on the official programme. At about half past two o'clock the city was thrown into the wildest panic by a violent earthquake. Four hours previously there had been a perceptible trembling of the earth, which occasioned much excitement. Some said it had not happened before for sixty years, and others declared that it never was felt before in Havana. This was a slight affair, however, compared to what followed. The later shock was so severe that many were awakened in their beds by the rocking of the walls and the cracking of the plaster. Everybody fled to the Square. There was a queer, frightened crowd gathered there. Nobody was very carefully dressed. Some had sheets wrapped around them. Many had not retired, and came flocking in crowds from the casinos, and these were by far the most thoroughly attired. It was all over in a minute, but no one knew whether it was at an end or not, and such a confusion of tongues, as every one related his experience, has not occurred since the building of the tower of Babel. Still, in the midst of all the confusion, some did not know what was going on. The shaking was so violent that the bottles in a neighboring saloon came down to the stone floor with a crash, and the terrified cooly ran for his life. The master, however, was dozing in a chair, and being wakened by the breaking glass in time to see the fleeing Celestial, and thinking he had done the damage, turned him over to a policeman. The palace rocked fearfully, and Mrs. Grant and the other ladies were terribly frightened, but it did not disturb the serenity of Generals Grant and Sheridan in the least.

General Grant, accompanied usually by General Sheridan and Colonel Fred Grant, devoted a large portion of the time to a leisurely study of the peculiarities of Havana and its cosmopolitan population. Few cities in the world have a larger number of public promenades and parks than Havana. Among these favorite resorts visited by General Grant was the Prado, pictured by our artist on page 132. Here, late in the afternoon and early evening, hundreds of ladies and gentlemen come, on foot or in their carriages, to pass an hour in social intercourse among the trees and flowers, and listen to the music furnished by the band.

WASHINGTON RELICS.

On page 133 will be found a group of interesting Washington relics, recently purchased from the Lewis family, of Virginia, and now kept in the Patent-office in Washington. These articles, with those previously in the possession of the government, form the best collection of personal memorials of the Father of his Country which can be secured. Among these relics are the large, comfortable, stuffed chair, shown on the right, in which Washington sat only a few moments previous to his death; one double brass candlestick, by which the Farewell Address was written; silver candlesticks; one field-glass—spy-glass used in the Revolution; one ledger posted monthly by General Washington; portrait of Washington; the robe in which he was christened; silver-plated lamps; thirty-six pieces of china-ware; one bedstead, presented to Mr. Lawrence Washington by his friend Admiral Vernon, and by Lawrence left to his brother the General; several surveys made by the General himself; one guitar, presented by General Washington to Miss Nellie Custis; miniature portraits of the General and Mrs. Washington, on wood, painted by Trumbull; one shaving-glass, in frame, with drawer; an engraving of the Countess of Huntington, presented by her to General Washington.

The ledger is one of the most interesting objects in this collection. It contains Washington's private accounts for more than twenty years, including such matters as losses and gains at cards, for, following the fashion of the time, Washington won and lost like other gentlemen. It is valuable not only as a memorial of the first President, but also as an authentic source of much curious information concerning the customs of the last century, the prices paid for articles in common use, and the income and expenses of a Virginia planter before the Revolution.

The china is various in form, quality, and decoration. Some of the dishes are ornamented with a border composed of a chain, in the links of which are the names of the States then composing the Union. Most of the silver bears the Washington monogram. The glass-ware is of various qualities, and some specimens are quite artistic in form.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The gayeties of the fashionable "season" culminated with the near approach of Lent. Balls, receptions, and social gatherings of various kinds overwhelmed society in all the large cities, particularly in New York and Washington. Among the entertainments which came at the close of the "season" in this city, none were more attractive than the Children's Carnival at the Academy of Music. This was given in aid of the building fund of the Western Dispensary, and could not well have been more successful in design and execution, and was enjoyed by a large number of spectators. More than a hundred children, in picturesque costume, performed the fairy dances, and gracefully presented the tableaux on the programme. The scene was most bewilderingly beautiful. And when the little ones, having enchanted their elders by fairy-like movements, were tucked away in bed, the grand ball for adults commenced. The Carnival was only one of many balls which occurred almost simultaneously in our city, but it was unique on account of the age of the performers.

Fêtes, receptions, and balls followed one another in rapid succession at Washington during the first ten days of February. One of the most magnificent entertainments of the season was the ball at the Mexican Legation on February 9. The building, gorgeously decorated and illuminated within and without, was so spacious that the gay world of Washington found abundance of room for genuine enjoyment. Señor and Madame Zamacona, assisted by their son and daughter and the attachés of the legation, received their guests, among whom were many of the most distinguished Americans in Washington, as well as representatives of foreign governments.

New York scarcely needs to alarm itself with apprehensions of a lack of ice for the next-coming summer. The cold weather of the present month has already, at this writing, given material for a very respectable harvest, and in Maine a large quantity of ice has been stored. There has been plenty of freezing weather in the Pine-tree State, and transportation by ocean is both cheap and easy.

At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine the announcement was made of a beautiful and graceful gift to the president from Mrs. John Jacob Astor. To understand its significance, reference must be made to the evening, some months ago, when the Library Hall of the Academy was formally opened. On that occasion, after the exercises of the evening were over, all present were invited by the president, Dr. Fordyce Barker, to go below and partake of the "loving-cup"; and regret was expressed that the "loving-cup" itself was only glass, instead of the richer material generally made use of on such occasions in England. At the recent January meeting Dr. Barker announced the gift of a massive gold and silver cup from Mrs. Astor, to be used as a "loving-cup" at that meeting. A letter to the president from the donor was read, in which she expressed warm sympathy in the purposes of the society. The cup is ornamented by the acacia—symbol of friendship and love. On the front is the seal of the Academy, its motto, and the head of Hippocrates. Above is the name of the president and the date of his election, with spaces left for the names of his successors. Resolutions were passed by the Academy tendering thanks for the gift; after which all adjourned to partake of the "loving-cup."

Some time ago the authorities of one of the largest hospitals in London took measures to ventilate all the drains and sewers connected with their institution. Several malignant diseases had been raging in the hospital up to the time the ventilating arrangements were made, and the physicians found them very difficult to control. It was observed that after the work was completed no new cases occurred for some months. Then suddenly there was a fresh outbreak in one ward which was separated from the main building. Investigation revealed that the ventilation pipe in that ward had been stopped up by a careless workman; and when this difficulty was remedied, all traces of the epidemic disappeared.

A railroad is to be constructed between Otaru and Sapporo, in Japan, under the supervision of Mr. Crawford, an American engineer. The Tokio *Times* says: "The enterprise will be an American one in every essential particular, and the opportunity will be afforded of comparing or contrasting the methods employed in the United States and those of English builders."

Transportation of nitro-glycerine is attended with many dangers. Two men not many days ago started from Bradford, Pennsylvania, in a sleigh, with one hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine. The sleigh upset on the road, the compound exploded, one man was instantly killed, the other seriously injured, the horses and sleigh were blown to pieces, and two or three houses in the vicinity were much damaged.

Some mean and malicious person or persons recently entered the boat-house of the Columbia College Boat Club, and with some instrument cut holes in six boats. No motive for such a deed is known. The boats can be repaired, but they will scarcely be used for racing purposes again.

When the Rev. Edward Cowley was brought into court for trial, and the work of impanelling a jury began, it was found that a large number of persons had formed a "decided opinion" in regard to his treatment of the children in the "Shepherd's Fold." Scarcely any intelligent person could avoid "forming an opinion" if he had any knowledge of the facts. But an opinion may be changed, even in the court-room, if new facts are presented. It is honesty, honor, intelligence, and freedom from obstinate prejudice that are needed in the jury-box, far more than a lack of any "opinion" on a given case.

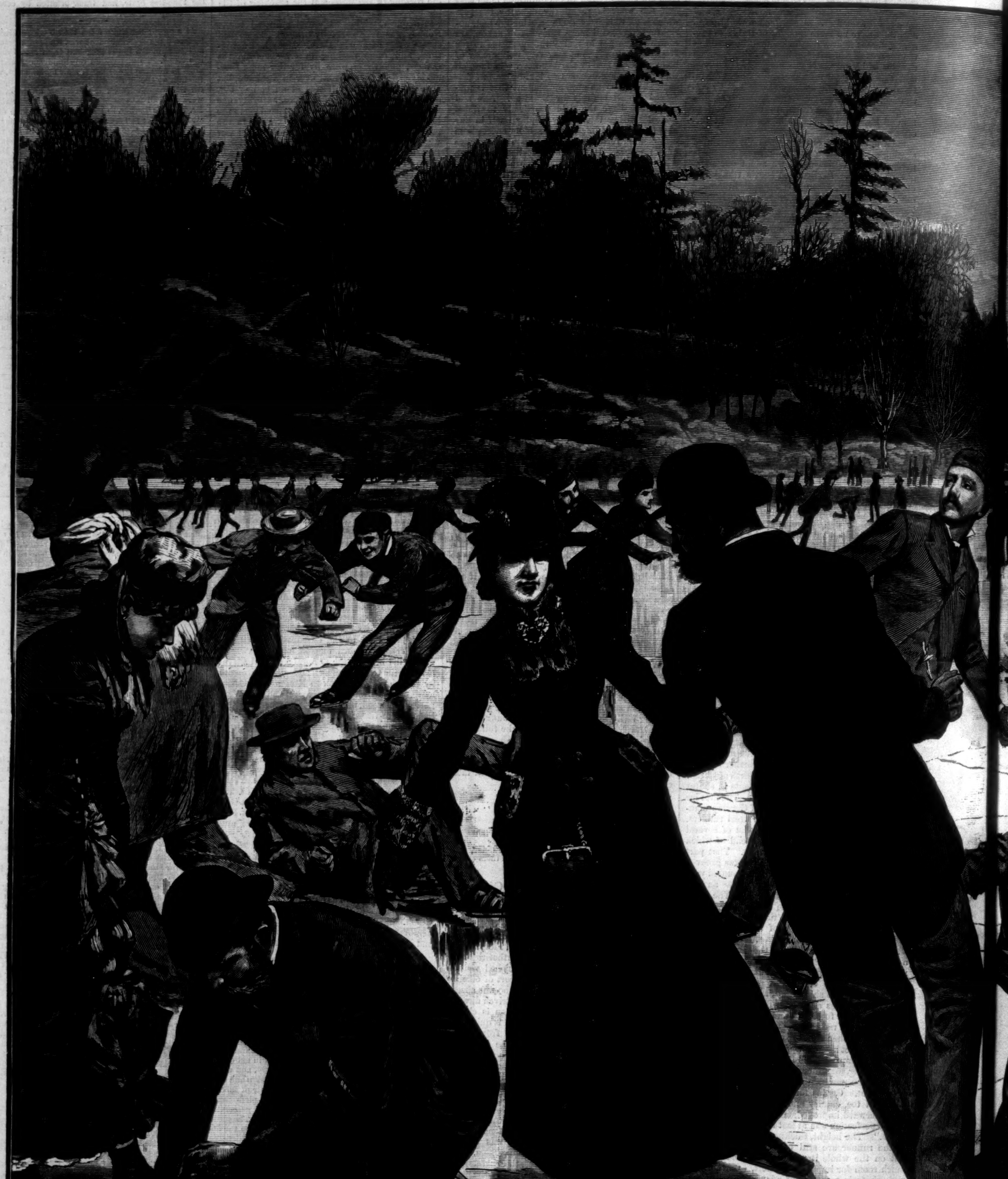
General Grant and his party, while making the Florida tour, met with a detention which might have proved serious but for the kindness of a good Samaritan who chanced that way. The tourists left Palatka January 7, on the mail steamer *Pastime, en route* for Enterprise and Sanford. On the evening of the same day, the steamer *Arrow*, the largest and finest packet on the Upper St. Johns River, found the steamer aground on the Volusia Bar, with the distinguished party on board. Captain S. O. Hemenway, of the *Arrow*, tendered the service of his steamer to General Grant, which was accepted. The *Arrow* returned, with her freight and passengers, to Sanford and Enterprise, a distance of seventy miles, remaining until the following day, enabling the General to visit friends and enjoy the magnificent scenery of South Florida. The travellers were transferred to the steamer *Osceola* from the *Arrow* at Welaka, near the mouth of the Oklawaha River.

Efforts to give to the citizens of New York better markets meet with natural opposition. Reforms are never—that is, "hardly ever"—brought about without opposition; and it is certainly desirable that this matter of good, clean, wholesome, yes, *handsome*, markets should continue to be agitated. Why should not New York have *attractive* markets as well as cities of smaller size and less note? The market of a city is like the kitchen and larder of a house—an indicator of the neatness of the occupants.

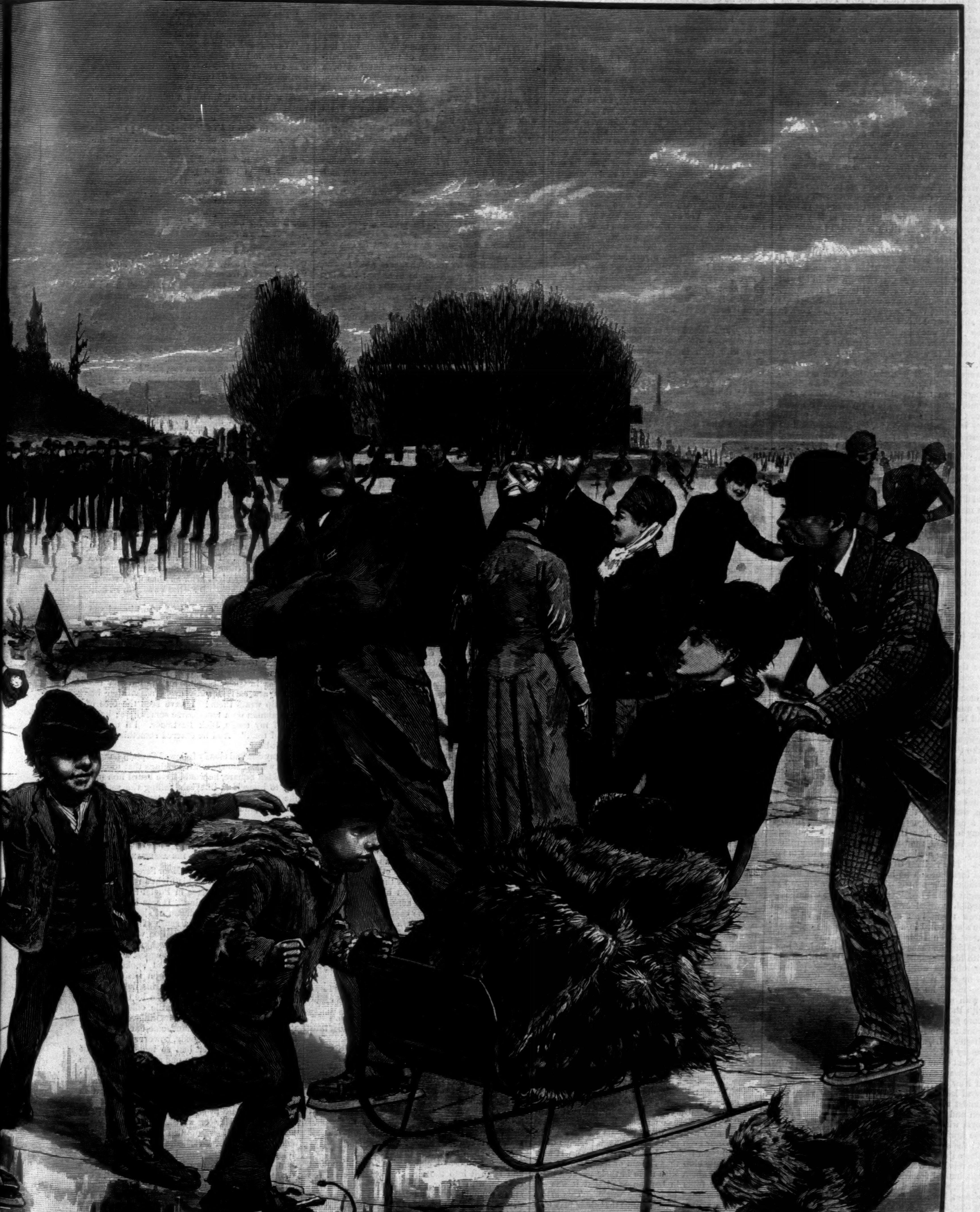
Very general contributions are being made in this city, and in many other places in the country, for the relief of the sufferers from famine in Ireland. America is not slow to respond to a call for bread.

During the month of January, 1880, the reduction of the public debt was over eleven million dollars, which is the largest monthly reduction since April, 1872.

A few months ago Mr. Wheelock, an American citizen, residing in the mining district of Caratil, State of Guayana, Venezuela, was accused by an Italian of having robbed him of $1200. He was brought before a "commissary" general, who attempted to force a confession of guilt from Mr. Wheelock by means of various kinds of torture. All efforts having failed, Mr. Wheelock was finally released, after being informed that he was fully exonerated from suspicion of guilt. He immediately made a statement of the outrage to the American consul, and claimed damages of the Venezuelan government. The President of Guayana has written to the American consul, recognizing the justice of Mr. Wheelock's claim, and the enormity of the outrage, and expressing his determination to punish the offender. He manifests anxiety lest the affair should bring discredit upon Venezuela abroad.



A SKATING PARTY ON THE SCHUYL.—D



L.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 134.]

WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK.

Washington was often in New York, but on two occasions he bore with him apparently the fate of nations and of mankind. Once, all was dismay and almost despair. It was in the spring of 1776, when he entered the city only to be driven from it in disastrous rout. Never was New York more beautiful—so the chroniclers of the time relate—than in this early period of its history. The houses were built with balconies or balustrades upon the roofs, where in the summer evenings the whole family gathered to catch the cool winds from the harbor, and look down upon the tinted water and the fading west. The streets were broad, and lined with fine shade trees, in which the birds were never weary of singing. Broadway, to the honest Kalm, seemed a fairy-land of pleasure; the town he thought one of the finest he had seen. The people were gay, convivial. They drank strong Madeira, says Burnaby; their tables were loaded with rich oysters and rare birds; the sleighing excursions to Kipp's Bay in December, the lovely rides in May along Bowery Road, seemed to the English travellers a proof of good taste and soft simplicity. The visitors from England were usually well received by the provincials. But already, in 1742, Kalm and Burnaby had foreseen that the time must come when the dependence upon Europe would be cast aside, and the Western World become free.

With something of exultation and a strong hope for the future, Washington entered New York in the spring of 1776, followed by his new-raised troops. He was stimulated by his success at Boston, eager to become the deliverer of a continent. He looked forward, no doubt, to new victories. Yet, as he rode at the head of his troops down Bowery Lane, and passed through the green arbors of Broadway, he must have noticed a striking change from the usual habit of the merry city. No more pleasant drives to Kipp's Bay. No more scenes of gay conviviality amused its people. They were torn by factions, old clubs and old associations broken up; the Whigs, resolute and ardent, prepared for a dreadful contest for freedom; the Tories, with subdued malice, hinted at the coming victory of the crown. Even the patient Washington in the excitement of the hour called his opponents the "pests of society." Many loyal citizens had fled to the country, leaving their fine mansions vacant. Washington lived in the Richmond Hill House, near Lispenard Street, in the suburbs. He gathered his sickly and disordered forces around him, strengthened the poor fortifications at Grand Street and on the Battery, ordered a line of intrenchments to be drawn around Brooklyn, and on a hot day in July, amidst the loud cheers of his army, heard read that Declaration of Independence that was to live forever in the minds of men. All was still full of hope in the patriot lines; the fall of Boston was to be the prelude of a more complete triumph, and New York to become the Marathon of transatlantic freedom.

But already the cloud of doom began to brood over the affrighted city. Far off on the lower bay could be seen the masts of the tall admirals of England; the red cross of St. George hung ominously over the shores of Staten Island. The bay was soon crowded with ships. Thirty thousand English and Hessian soldiers landed on the shore; the storm of war gathered around New York, and the great vessels of the line began to make their way through the Narrows, and threaten the feeble fortress on the Battery. The English crossed over in great masses to Long Island. They found an unguarded spot in the patriot lines; the fate of New York was decided in the unfortunate battle on the Gowanus plain, and Washington, with bitter thoughts, yet outward calmness, in a dense August fog, brought over his broken army to the city. Had Greene been there, he may have thought, the battle would have gone differently. One neglected pass opened the way to the foe. The vigilant Greene lay on a sick-bed, and the fortifications he had planned proved useless without their projector's care. The soldiers had fought well at Brooklyn, but when the triumphant English crossed over to New York Island, and threw themselves on the Americans, Washington's army fled in a wild panic; whole regiments threw down their arms and ran like cowards. Washington rushed in among them; he beat them with his sword, he covered them in his rage with opprobrious words. His hope almost perished as he saw the panic-stricken herd. "Are these the men," he cried, in a letter to his brother, "with whom I am to conquer America?" But with the patience of a prudent general he once more gathered his scanty forces, presented a bold front to the foe, repulsed them from the Westchester hills, and then crossed the Hudson to the Jersey side.

Next came the apparent dispersion of his army, the disappearance of the patriot forces, the fall of New Jersey, the unbounded exultation of the royal leaders, and the rise of a new viceroyalty amidst the ruins of New York. "Mr. Washington and his ragged troops" were the scoff of the loyal wits and editors. In the spring, they said, the army from the north would sweep all before it; the army of Clinton, the fleets of Howe, would chase the affrighted Congress from Philadelphia; the rebellion would perish in its birth. Washington, hunted from New York, driven over the Delaware, surrounded by rivals, traitors, foes, might almost have believed their predictions. As the winter deepened, his soldiers left him. He had only a few thousand men, ill fed, ill armed, hungry, cold. The little band seemed destined to destruction. The fine royal army marched into New Jersey, the people were apparently friendly; Princeton and Trenton were garrisoned by the English and the Hessians; the Delaware, filled with ice, alone protected the fragment of the patriot force from their swift pursuit. The winter of 1777, chill and dark, would freeze, perhaps forever, the royalists hoped, the genial current of freedom in the New World, and Washington was to see New York no more. Happy would he be should he escape the fate of Wallace; happy the country could it secure the clemency of King George!

Seven years passed away, and once more Washington was to enter New York. Freedom was won, America was saved. At the head of his rejoicing army, surrounded by his friends and old allies, the famous champion of the popular cause, the creator of a new nation, a new era of progress, he rode down Bowery Lane, and passed the scenes of his former defeat and shame, where he had once almost despaired of freedom. Then an outlaw, a price set on his head, a fugitive, a beaten general, he had fled before the foe, almost abandoned by his panic-stricken forces; now he was at the head of the victorious army that had conquered the best troops of Europe. Then he was the despised leader of a fallen cause, now the chief of a new-born nation. The procession was received with glad congratulations as it passed down the only road that led from New York to the country. Yet on every side were to be seen the mournful traits of a desperate invasion. In the Park, or Common, was the jail where Cunningham had ruled over his miserable prisoners; below was the Liberty Street sugar-house, infamous for its tragic story; the great Middle Dutch Church, converted into a riding-school; the hospital above the Park; the college on Barclay Street. But as the glad procession moved onward it soon reached a sadder scene, and Washington, who remembered New York in its early beauty, and Broadway covered with shade trees and adorned with tasteful buildings, must have seen with pain the evidences of its suffering. There were the blackened walls of St. Paul's Church, the limits of the first great fire; the ruins of Trinity Church, almost levelled to the earth; the long waste of Broadway, reaching almost to the Battery; the cluster of tents and huts that covered around Whitehall what had once been the finest quarter of New York. The shade trees were gone, the birds that sang in their branches fled; the image of war and desolation was on every side. Yet the people cheered on the conqueror as he advanced, for they felt that his victory was their own. Soon New York would spring up from its ashes with new strength. Its harbor would invite the commerce of the world, its prosperity never cease. Tyranny had received a fatal wound, and Washington was the symbol of a new era of hope to all the people.

But at the Battery there was witnessed a sadder spectacle. It was the 25th of November. The British ships still lingered off the shore, awaiting the boats that carried away the Tory exiles. They came in great numbers, filling all the fleet. Seven years ago the great English admirals had sailed up the Narrows, confident of victory, and the Tory chiefs had seen with joy the flight of the patriot army from New York. They had looked only for an easy victory. They had found that they were fighting in vain against the will of the people. They were soon carried aboard the English vessels, bound for some distant home. As Washington entered the city, a gun was fired, the anchors were raised, and the great fleet slowly sailed away, the symbol of a perishing party. With Washington's entrance into the city the Revolution was perfected. As the British fleet passed slowly away, it bore to the people of Europe the tidings of the opening of a fresh page in the history of mankind. Eugene Lawrence.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

GENTLEMEN OF FASHION.

Under these circumstances it would have been the height of imprudence to go to his rooms at Long's, where he might lie awake for hours with conscience for his only companion. He had been in such straits once or twice before, and had found nothing so beneficial to his moral system—on the principle, perhaps, of counter-irritation—as a "flutter" at the gaming table; as playing, that is, for stakes far higher than common, and much more than he could afford.

Such is the mawkish milk-and-water character of our modern social system that it is difficult nowadays to find a gambling-house in London open after 3 A.M., and even then it must needs call itself a club. However, such a club he did know in Jute Street, in the neighborhood of Charing Cross, and thither he now bent his steps. It was an establishment to which, of course, he himself belonged, but it was only in part an aristocratic one; the members of the "Frobisher," as some of themselves (who were not upon its committee) frankly acknowledged, were a "scratch lot." There were some noble lords belonging to it, but also a good many persons who were not lords—nor even gentlemen, though perhaps they had all been reckoned such at one time. It was said of the club that certain of its members carried more about with them in their pockets than any other folks in London—and that it was all the money they had in the world. This arose from the simple circumstance that their play was high, but their credit by no means of the same altitude. There were, of course, little memorandums flying about in which the vowels I O U held a prominent place, but as a rule there was an indisposition to "just set that down, my good fellow"; the good fellow not without reason preferring generally to have the money.

There was a reading-room and a writing-room in the establishment, each about the size of the private room in a hair-dresser's shop, and not much better furnished; but the actual necessaries of life were amply provided for: there were two billiard tables, and the card-room had accommodation for fifty persons.

At 3.30 A.M., however, the attendance at even the "Frobisher" had begun to thin, and when Lovell entered it he found but a small company playing their very last game at unlimited loo. They had sworn that each of the previous half-dozen games should be the last, but had been overruled by the vehement opposition of a certain Captain Langton, who once held a commission in one of her Majesty's cavalry regiments, but who now levied tribute and made war upon the world without any authorization beyond that of his own good-will and pleasure. He had lost "a hatful of money" that night, and was obstinately resolved to get it back again, not necessarily from those who had won it from him, but out of somebody; and the arrival of Lovell was secretly hailed by him with profound satisfaction. The major was not a very frequent visitor at the "Frobisher," but when he did come it was generally, as on the present occasion, with the intention of "plunging," and Captain Langton was just in the humor to accommodate him.

He was a short wiry man of about forty years of age, with that air of jauntiness which is so bad a substitute for the liveliness of good humor, and a growing tendency to swagger: this last arose not from pride (for to say the truth he had very little to be proud of), but from the sense of the necessity of self-assertion. He had never possessed the genial and agreeable manner that made Lovell a favorite in the club—(and indeed in many other places)—and of late years ugly stories had cropped up about him, which had deepened the unfavorable impression regarding him. Men of strict honor, even of the "Frobisher" kind, turned their faces from him, and declined to "cut in" at the same rubber, and if Lovell had been a more frequent visitor to Jute Street, and known the man equally well, he would probably have done likewise. As it was, the major was not displeased when Langton, rising from the table with the rest, proposed a little picquet—the stakes of which should be proportionate to the lateness of the hour: "One can not afford to ruin one's constitution for sixpences," as he playfully observed, though he forgot to point out that one of them—the loser—must of necessity do even worse.

The waiter, who had the appearance of a man who never slept, but was very anxious to try the experiment, here ventured to observe that the hour had arrived for closing the club, whereat the captain damned his impudence, wheeled his chair to a picquet table, and called for cards. If he had been wise in his generation he would have spared his oath and thrown a couple of sovereigns at the waiter's head instead; but the captain, though liberal (in a Shakspearean sense) of speech, was chary of his sovereigns.

Without daring to reply, the waiter shuffled after one of the retreating company, who happened to be on the committee, and stated his hard case. "Tell Captain Langton with my compliments that you have my orders to close the club," said that gentleman, promptly.

"Much he will care about that," observed one of the committee-man's companions, as they stepped into the street.

"So much the better for the 'Frobisher,'" answered the other, gravely; "for if he breaks a rule, we can get rid of him."

The same idea probably occurred to the captain himself, for after bestowing on the waiter a choice string of vituperative epithets, he proposed to Lovell that they should go and have their game out elsewhere.

"But where?" said Lovell.

"Oh, at your own rooms, if you like." Now Major Lovell, though willing enough to gamble with the captain at the "Frobisher," was by no means inclined to be so familiar with him as to ask him to his hotel. "Or you can come to mine," said the captain, perceiving the other's hesitation.

But this again did not meet the major's views: he did not absolutely suspect his companion of dishonesty, but it did flash across him that he had heard queer stories of the captain, and that with his own cards and in his own rooms such a host might have the advantage over him at picquet.

"No," said he: "it's too late, my good fellow."

The captain's coarse red face expressed considerable irritation. "It seems to me, Lovell, you are rather funky of the picquet."

"You are quite mistaken," answered the major, coolly; "I am not funky of you at any game; and I want a 'flutter.'"

They had put on their hats, and were standing on the door-step, in the tall and narrow street into which the sun had hardly penetrated.

"Very good," said the captain, suddenly; "I'll toss you for a monkey—one toss."

"Five hundred pounds is a large sum," answered Lovell, hesitatingly.

"There, I told you you were funky: look here, I'll give £25 to toss for £500, and he pulled out his porte-monnaie. It had the former sum in it—for he produced it—but certainly not the latter.

"Very good: if you are so keen about it as all that, I'll take you. Shall I toss, or you?"

"You shall toss."

Major Lovell took a sovereign from his pocket and spun it into the air. "Woman," cried the captain, with fervor. More than Matthew Helston's annual income and that of his uncle to boot depended upon which side that coin should come down. It fell in the gutter slantwise. "Woman it is," cried the captain, triumphantly.

"It is not: hands off!" cried the major. "It is neither the one nor the other."

There really was some doubt about it, but the captain thought there was no doubt, and his face was a picture—a score of evil passions were crowded into it, but rage was uppermost.

"If you don't mean to pay—" he began.

"Be silent, sir!" cried Lovell. "If I have lost, I will pay you to-morrow morning; but I won't take your word for it. Let us ring the bell" (for the club-house door had been closed behind them), "and ask the waiter."

"The waiter is an ass, and, besides, he has a grudge against me," said the captain. "Let us abide by the decision of the first passer-by."

"Very good; so be it."

At four in the morning in Jute Street (though it is a short-cut from the City to the southwest portion of the town) there are not many passers-by, and the two men, with the coin between them, stood waiting for more than a minute. Then the rattle of a hansom was heard, and as it drew near, the captain stepped into the street and held out his hand to stop the vehicle. It had a passenger inside, to whom he addressed himself with unwonted civility.

"This gentleman and I, sir, have had a little dispute, which perhaps you will have the great kindness to settle for us. It is simply whether a coin which one of us has tossed up lies with its head or tail uppermost."

The passenger murmured something about it not being his business, and of the unusual character of such a request; but the cabman put in a word.

"Lawk-a-mussy! there can be no harm, now we're going home, Master Matthew," he said. "Don't spoil a bit of sport."

Thus adjured, the passenger, although with some reluctance, alighted, investigated the coin, and pronounced that "Woman" was uppermost.

"Of course it is," cried Langton, triumphantly. "You have lost the monkey, Lovell."

The major did not speak, though doubtless, like the parrot, he thought the more; but, strange to say, the involuntary umpire did.

"Do I understand you to say, sir," he inquired, gravely, "that you have won £500 of Major Frederic Lovell?"

"Yes, sir—less £25, I have."

"Then permit me to congratulate you: I am very glad to hear it." With which observation, which was delivered in very distinct tones, he stepped into the hansom and was whirled away.

"Well, that's the rummest start I ever knew," exclaimed the captain. "Did you hear what that fellow said, Lovell?"

"Yes, I heard," answered the major, with an unpleasant laugh. "He's a man who owes me a grudge, or thinks he does, poor devil."

"An injured husband, eh?"

"Well, yes; something of the kind," answered the other, carelessly. "He's not a gentleman, of course, or he could have had his remedy. He's a jeweller's clerk. I saw him at Lady Pargiter's just now; he came to take away her diamonds; he does it every night after she has worn them."

"What, *the* diamonds?—the Twenty-five Thousand Pounders?"

"Yes, the same. Good-night. I will send you my check to-morrow morning." And the major strolled away with a careless air that was by no means the exponent of his genuine feelings.

"This will recoup me for that infernal run of bad luck to-night," mused the captain; "but it leaves me hardly better than I was before—and that was in Queer Street. So the Pargiter diamonds are carried away every night after her ladyship wears them! I have seen the face of that cabman on a race-course somewhere; he's a pal of my tout's, Dick Dartmoor. I'll make a note of that." And he entered something in his pocket-book.

If any one had closely followed Captain Langton as he walked slowly to his lodgings that morning in Golden Square, he would have heard him murmur to himself at intervals, rolling the sentence like a sweet morsel under the tongue, "Twenty-five Thousand Pounds! Twenty-five Thousand!"

CHAPTER IX.

MR. SIGNET AND HIS ASSISTANT.

Although his errand to Moor Street had taken so large a cantle out of his night's rest, Matthew Helston was in his place in Poulet Street at his usual hour next morning. It was his habit, no matter how small a modicum of sleep he had, so to be, not so much from a sense of duty as from a certain obstinacy of disposition which forbade him to give way to physical weakness; and his employer was not the man to suggest a less rigid punctuality. Though Amy had spoken of his desk, and perhaps imagined him sitting before one, with huge ledgers upon it, his duty was not that of a clerk, nor did the room he occupied in the least resemble a mercantile office. It was more like a moderate-sized drawing-room, except that the chairs (though handsome ones) were few in number, and that nobody, however rich or however vulgar, had ever had so many articles of *virtu* crowded together in one apartment. There were clocks enough to keep time for all eternity; their monotonous and ceaseless ticking would have driven a man of more sensitive organization into a lunatic asylum, while every five minutes or so (for they were by no means synchronous) there would be a whir of warning, followed by the striking of the hour, notified in a score of ways, from the chime of a cathedral down to a peal of fairy bells. The measured dignity of one pendulum could be only equalled by the march of a drum-major at the head of his regiment, while the hurried alacrity of another suggested nothing short of a fire-engine at full gallop, or of a trained bullfinch drawing water under the eye of its teacher. Not that Messrs. Star & Signet "went in" for clocks and watches at all as recorders of time, that office in them being quite subsidiary to their external appearance. It was the precious stones or metal of which they were composed, or their artistic beauty, or their quaint mechanical arrangement, which constituted their value. The great clock at Strasburg could boast of no more numerous *dramatis personæ* than some of these time-pieces; only, instead of the Apostles, the

Muses and Graces were made (by a species of poetical justice) to take note of the hours which in their lifetimes they had frittered away. Nor was it in clocks only that the mechanical ingenuity of Mr. Signet's wares was made apparent. On the table at which Matthew Helston sat were arranged a multitude of costly toys, from finger-rings to snuff-boxes, each of which vied with the other in producing the unexpected and the anomalous. Out of one would spring a Danaë pursued by a shower of golden coins sufficient to have overcome the virtue of Diana; and from another would fly, with chirp and twitter, a bird-of-paradise, all sapphires and diamonds, which had stolen her song from the nightingale. It was to these base uses (as he thought them)—the teaching of coral cocks to crow, and sapphire cuckoos to prate of spring—that Matthew Helston's mechanical skill was now addressed; and while engaged in these strange conversions, it really seemed as though his own appearance had undergone in part a kindred metamorphosis, and "suffered a sea-change," for in his right eye was stuck a mounted microscope, which caused it greatly to resemble the projecting orbs peculiar to the crustaceans. Of this contrivance it was Matthew's weakness to be excessively ashamed, and at the sound of a coming footstep, even though it were that of his employer, he would drop it hastily, and apply himself to some other employment. Mr. Signet always made a point of looking in upon him after any of his expeditions to Moor Street—perhaps to save himself the trouble of going to the strong-room, since to see Matthew safe and sound was a guarantee of the safety of the parure—and he did so on the present occasion. He was a short, dark-complexioned man of about fifty years of age, with beady, bat-like eyes (which had, however, detected many a false stone in their time), and a certain unctuousness of manner which would dry up with startling suddenness on occasion—as when any of his material interests were menaced—and presently gush forth anew as if nothing had happened.

"Well, Mr. Helston, how goes it?" This did not refer to the mechanism of the bird-of-paradise which Matthew just then happened to have in hand, nor to that gentleman's state of health, about which Mr. Signet cared a great deal less, but was a covert inquiry after the safety of the diamonds. "You had a fine night for your errand."

"A fine morning rather, sir," returned Matthew, gravely. He rather resented the notion, which his employer undoubtedly intended to convey, that to sit up to 5 o'clock A.M. was, after all, not so very late a vigil; and he was also leading up to the expression of that determination he had formed to wash his hands of the "Pargiter parure" altogether.

"Ah, her ladyship was latish, was she?" returned Mr. Signet, in a careless tone, but with a sudden fixity in his beady eyes; he saw that the shoe was pinching somewhere (though he mistook where it pinched), and it was so important to him that this man should continue to wear the shoe. "These sort of people who turn night into day think but little of us poor toilers who have to burn both ends of the candle. At the same time, it is something, mind you, to be admitted to such terms of—I may say intimacy—with a person of Lady Pargiter's position: to be received in her boudoir all alone, and at ever so much o'clock at night. 'Pon my life, I wonder Sir Charles ain't jealous." And Mr. Signet smiled in a manner which he intended to be wicked, but which was so very little like it that one may reasonably hope it was not set down by the recording angel to his discredit.

"It is an honor, sir, that I do not at all appreciate," observed Matthew, frigidly, "and indeed I was about to say—"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Signet, holding up both his hands, as if he had been a signal-man, and Matthew an engine on the wrong line. "I can see it all. I know what you are going to say, as though you had said it. The woman has been rude to you. My dear sir, accept my profoundest sympathies; but she is rude to everybody. She is the most cantankerous and contemptible old harridan. I knew her as Miss Ingot—the usurer's daughter; and then she was bad enough; but as the Scripture says, 'An odious woman *when she is married*' is ten times more obnoxious than she was before. I often almost lose my patience with her myself—though of course one is obliged to be civil." This last confession was drawn forth by an involuntary smile which appeared on Matthew's face, evoked by the recollection of his chief's obsequious and urbane behavior to her ladyship whenever she visited his establishment, and notwithstanding that she always strove to cheapen things. "Life, my dear sir," he went on, "is made up of compromises. What I think of Lady Pargiter is that she has no manners and no conscience; an utterly worthless woman, who ought to be put in a bag and drowned like a cat, with a very common sort of stone round her neck: but it would be injudicious—most injudicious—to tell her so. Are such people, then, you will say, to be insolent to me—or even to you—with impunity? Well, no, they are not: I assure you—between ourselves, my dear sir—I generally contrive to charge it to them in the bill."

"I am truly glad to hear it, sir," said Matthew, smiling in spite of himself. "But in my case, you see, I have no means of making reprisals. And her conduct is sometimes most offensive. She accused me this morning of forgetting to leave her our receipt."

"You never forget to take hers, I do hope?" interrupted Mr. Signet, energetically.

"Certainly not, sir. I was about to say that if I had tried to steal her diamonds, her manner could not have been more outrageous."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Signet, aghast at the bare idea of such a catastrophe: "I beg you won't talk like that, Mr. Helston. If she did really think—I mean if so ridiculous a supposition as your having forgotten the receipt *on purpose* entered her brain—after supper, you know—she drinks like a fish, they say—well, it would not excuse her, of course, but it would be some kind of extenuation. But if you complain of the terms, they shall be raised, and you shall have the difference."

"Indeed, Mr. Signet, I did not mean that. The pay is no doubt sufficient for the service rendered; and, as you say, some people might be even proud of the service. But for my part, I was about to say—"

"Then *don't*," cried Mr. Signet, with sudden asperity; "for I really can not listen to such a thing. Look here, my dear sir—my very dear sir," he added, sitting down by Matthew's side, and speaking with more unctuousness even than before: "'An honest woman,' says the Scripture, 'is above rubies:' which, however, I rather doubt; at least I never knew one who was above taking them if she had a chance: but an honest man is even more valuable—at all events in my profession. It is a humiliating confession for one who loves his fellow-creatures to make, but a man who can be trusted with five-and-twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in a hack cab at night is a deuced rare thing—*nigroque simillima cygno*, as we used to say at school: a very pretty line, by-the-bye, and very suitable, as I have often thought—Cygno for Signet, you know—for a motto for our own establishment. If you were to fail me in this matter—I say if you *were*, though you are the last man in the world, I feel, to desert your post—where should I find one to fill your place? You are, so to speak—like that bird-of-paradise in the snuff-box—unique, and I value you accordingly. Only," and here Mr. Signet dried up again, "you must not talk of giving up your Moor Street errands."

"But indeed, sir, as I was about to say—"

"Well, well, another time—I am just now full of business; indeed, I only looked in to say that as I was passing by Cavendish Grove to-morrow afternoon, I would do myself the pleasure to make a call, if it was quite convenient, upon Mrs. Helston."

"She will be very pleased to see you, sir. But why not come to dinner at seven? My uncle Stephen will be delighted, I'm sure."

"Very good—I will. He is a most worthy and learned gentleman, I hear from everybody. Then we can talk this matter over in a friendly way."

It is probable that a call in Cavendish Grove had hardly been the prevalent idea in Mr. Signet's mind when he looked in on his assistant's labors; and, to say truth, the latter's observations had first suggested it. It struck him that he might be able to overcome Helston's objections by the arguments of a third person, whose influence he hoped to enlist upon his own side; for Mr. Signet's experience of life was that where a man takes morbid views, and adverse to his material interests, his wife deplores them, and would always fain win him over to the cause of common-sense and pecuniary profit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MACE.

THE mace, it appears, was originally a weapon of war, its recognition as a symbol of power and authority being of much later date. Kings, judges, ministers, and persons in official positions in most countries evince a liking for the mace in this character; and it is deemed fitting that the symbol should be a fine specimen of metal-work or carving, or both. The sword of state and the mace carried before a great personage may be taken, the one as an emblem of judicial punishment, the other of governmental authority—the two functions combined in the same individual.

The sergeant-at-mace, or sergeant-of-mace, equivalent to mace-bearer, has for ages been a functionary invested with what may be called the ceremonial part of authority both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. The mace at one period, and in some parts of England, was a necessary adjunct or preliminary to the due execution of legal and judicial processes. For the royal maces we must go to the Tower of London, where, in the almost priceless collection known as the *regalia*, we find emblems of royalty in great profusion: five crowns—one with the finest pearl in the world; the orb; the ampula, or golden eagle, for containing the anointing oil at the coronation; the curtana, or sword of mercy; the sword spiritual and the sword temporal; bracelets, or armillæ; the royal spurs; and (added during the present reign) the far-famed Koh-i-noor diamond—the "mountain of light." Lastly, there are the maces, sceptres, and rods. These comprise the royal sceptre with the cross, thirty-three inches in length, richly adorned with precious stones; St. Edward's staff, made of gold, four and a half feet in length, and weighing ninety pounds, with an orb at the top said to contain a fragment of the true cross; the sceptre of the dove, or rod of equity, having a dove with outspread wings above the orb; Queen Victoria's sceptre, with a richly gemmed cross; the ivory sceptre of Queen Maria d'Este, wife of James II., surmounted by a dove of white onyx; and the sceptre of Queen Mary, wife of William III.

Who that has seen the Lord Mayor's Show but remembers the glittering mace which Mr. Mace-bearer displays at one of the windows of the Lord Mayor's gorgeously ponderous state coach? This mace is a fine specimen of goldsmith's work of the fifteenth century—some parts much older. It is supposed to be the same which Stow wrote about in his *Annals* when describing Queen Elizabeth's procession to St. Paul's in 1588, to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. In modern times, whenever the sovereign enters the City of London in anything like state, the Lord Mayor presents the City sword, but not the sceptre. The same functionary has for many centuries borne the sceptre at the coronations.

The Lord Mayor's mace or sceptre, just mentioned as a symbol of civic authority, is a staff about eighteen inches in length, composed in great part of crystal, cut with lozenge or diamond shaped facets, and encircled with gold bands. The channelling is filled with thin fillets of gold, and the golden divisions are studded at intervals with eight rows of large seed-pearls. The upper part is composed of four crosses and an equal number of fleurs-de-lis, and studded with three rubies, three sapphires, and six very large seed-pearls arranged in groups. The fleurs-de-lis are supposed to have been added in the time of the Plantagenets.

Details of a very curious kind have been collected respecting the maces and sceptres belonging to the corporate towns in various parts of Great Britain—information obtained in the first instance from the reports of the Municipal Corporation Commissioners, with later corrections and additions from other sources.

The city of Canterbury, it appears, has a mace and a sword of state displayed on certain ceremonial occasions. The sword was presented to the city by King James I. The original charter, granted by Henry VI., empowered the mayor to appoint sergeants-at-mace to bear the maces before his Worship—for there were more maces than one.

The corporation of the city of York claim to possess a silver mace, a large sword of state, and another state sword of smaller dimensions. The mighty sword, made so far back as the year 1439, and presented to the city by the father of the queen of Richard II., is borne in ceremonial state on Easter-day, Christmas-day, and a few other occasions, but can only be carried without fatigue by a somewhat powerful man. The smaller sword, dated 1545, a gift from the Lord Mayor of London in that year, is more frequently used. The Cap of Maintenance, as it is called, worn by the sword-bearer on special occasions, is so dignified a symbol of civic authority that he doffs it to no one whatever, and may even wear it during divine service in the minster or elsewhere.

The old city of Winchester has a record in the corporate books to the effect that in the second year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth a riot took place in reference to a disputed claim to the ownership of Padisham Marsh. One rioter, named White, was fined by Sir John Guildford for inciting the rest, and for "contempt of the mayor and his officer bearing the mace"; and another was fined twenty nobles "toward the remaking or making great of a new mace"—thus indirectly implying that though the wisdom might not necessarily be in the wig, the virtual embodiment of authority is in the mace.

Southampton has the honor of possessing two large gold maces, and one of smaller dimensions; one of these is as old as the time of Henry VIII. It used to be the custom, when the mayor's lady went to church on state occasions, to bear one of these maces before her. She wore a scarlet gown as a token of distinction. Southampton has also among its relics of the past a two-handed sword five feet in length—a formidable weapon which no puny mortal could wield—and an oar, which is borne before the mayor as a token of the admiralty rights of that borough.

At Folkestone in the olden time, on the election of a mayor, the townsmen were summoned to the church-yard by the blowing of a burghmote horn before proceeding to church to hear divine service. The outgoing mayor and jurats then gathered around the cross in the church-yard; the former delivered an address, and directed the townsmen to go into the chancel and elect a new mayor. This tells of very early times indeed, as does the name of the town itself—Folkestone. If the borough possesses a mace, it must have been of much later introduction.

Edinburgh has a handsome gilt silver mace, surmounted by a crown, and bearing national emblems, with the date 1617. As this was the year in which James I. returned to pay a visit to his Scottish subjects, this mace may be presumed to have been prepared for the occasion along with other civic paraphernalia still in use.

More than forty other towns, in addition to those above named, are known to possess, or to have at one time possessed, a mace as the symbol of corporate authority. For instance, Dunwich, now a decayed old town in Suffolk, had at one time a small silver mace shaped like a thick bolt or arrow. Norwich has a sword of state and three maces, one of which was presented to the city by Queen Elizabeth, and another by Sir Robert Walpole. The university cities of Oxford and Cambridge possess silver-gilt maces, besides smaller maces for the town sergeants. Bristol is said to be favored with the ample allowance of nine maces and four swords; one of the latter was presented to the city as far back as the time of Henry VI. High-Wycombe had a silver-gilt rod or staff for the mayor to carry, while a mace was borne before him. Chard, although without a mace, possesses a corporate sword, two muskets, and six helmets—rather warlike for so quiet a place. Loughor, in South Wales, which now thinks more about coal than of anything else, once had two old maces made of wood and ornamented; these were afterward supplanted by four maces made of brass.

It may be remarked, before concluding, that the maces of corporate bodies have sometimes been made to do double duty—as symbols of authority, and as drinking-cups on great occasions. According to the fashioning of the upper part, the cup becomes in some instances a tankard, in others a bowl. The top of the mace was made to screw on or fit into the lower part; and occasionally the lower part itself was made hollow, to serve as an additional reservoir of choice beverage. On great festive occasions a mace of such a kind, filled with wine, was handed round to the principal guests; it was then refilled with spiced ale, which the sergeants-at-mace and other minor officials quaffed off with great relish. Among other towns thus provided may be mentioned the borough of Bridgenorth, which had two maces of silver-gilt, supported by twisted columns about twenty-four inches in length; when unscrewed, the upper part of each became a drinking-cup. These symbols of civic dignity and banqueting were fabricated about two centuries ago.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN a little family discussion the other day, the madam remarked, somewhat tartly, "When I marry again—" "I suppose you will marry a fool," interrupted the husband. "Beg your pardon," said she, "I shall do nothing of the kind; I prefer a change." The lord and master wilted.

At the breakfast table the other morning Spikes fired that ancient joke at the landlady about the propriety of forwarding a specimen of her hash to the Navy Department, with the recommendation that it was the best thing known to repel boarders. But the landlady quietly retorted: "I should advise Mr. Spikes to take the article himself, as I have no doubt the department could utilize him to good advantage. For instance, if their cannon become burned out, Mr. Spikes can be used with the best results, for any one of his acquaintances will cheerfully testify that he is a first-class bore."

A philosopher says, "You require in marriage precisely the same quality that you would in eating sausage—absolute confidence."

When a grocer retires from business, he weighs less than he did before.

There are menageries, but no women-ageries.

An old bachelor wants to know if a scolding woman with her mouth shut can be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

There is one bone that even a hungry dog will refuse to pick, and that is a trombone.

A loving British wife's postscript to a letter addressed to her husband in New York: "Dear William, I have perused the police reports and Morgue returns every day, hoping to see your name."

The man who was arrested for filing gold coins and passing them at their face value asked and hoped for pardon. Said he, "Isn't this a clear case of clipped too many, eh?" He was pardoned for his first offense, but for his atrocious pun he was killed on the spot.

A suitable texture for a bald-headed person would be mo'hair.

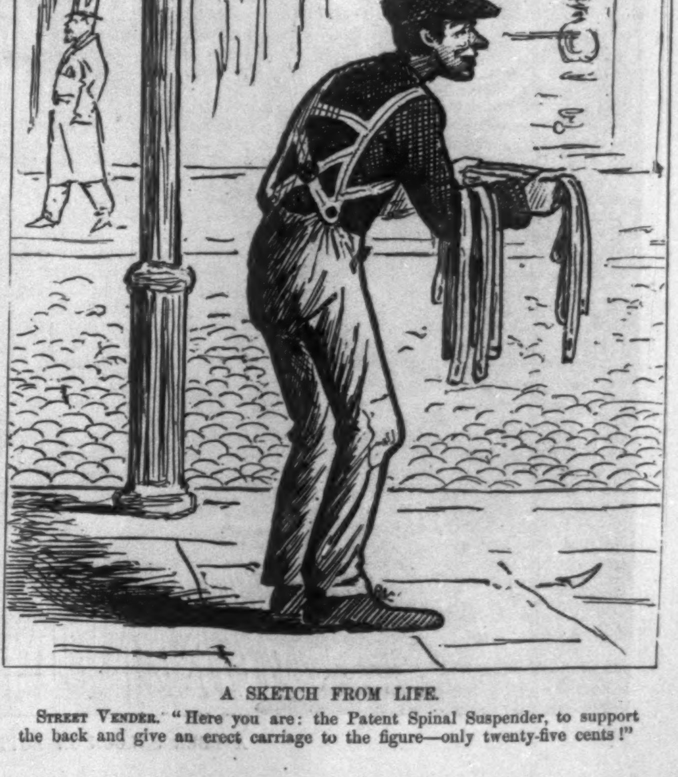
FROM THE LECTURE-ROOM.

PROFESSOR. "Supposing the condition of the patient to be such that you couldn't give ether, what should you give, Mr. Brown?"

BROWN (*innocently*). "Neither, sir."

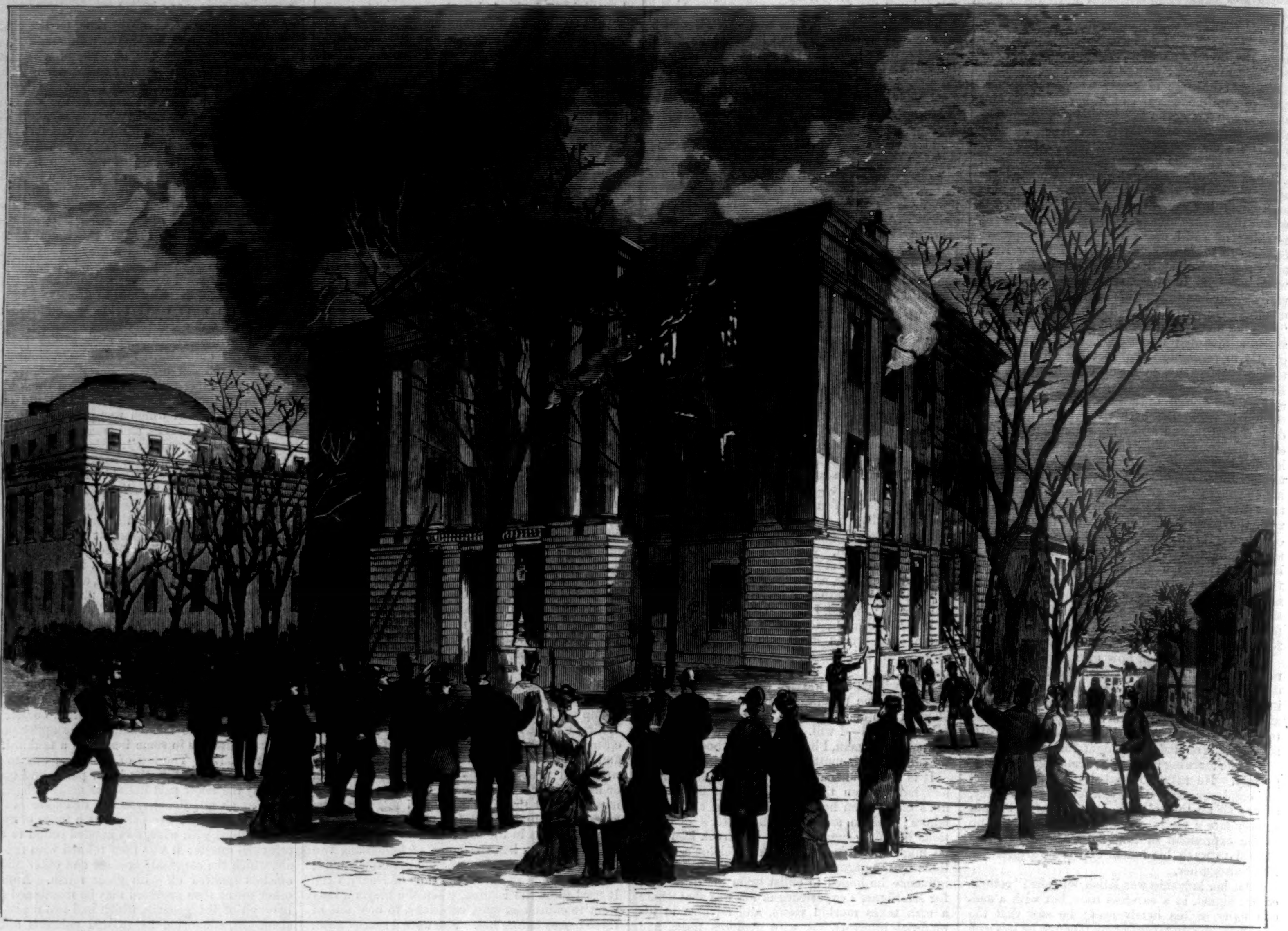
STUDENT. "Do you think it possible, professor, for surgery to improve my personal appearance?"

PROFESSOR. "Yes, sir—by cutting away a good deal of your 'jaw' and some of your 'cheek.'"

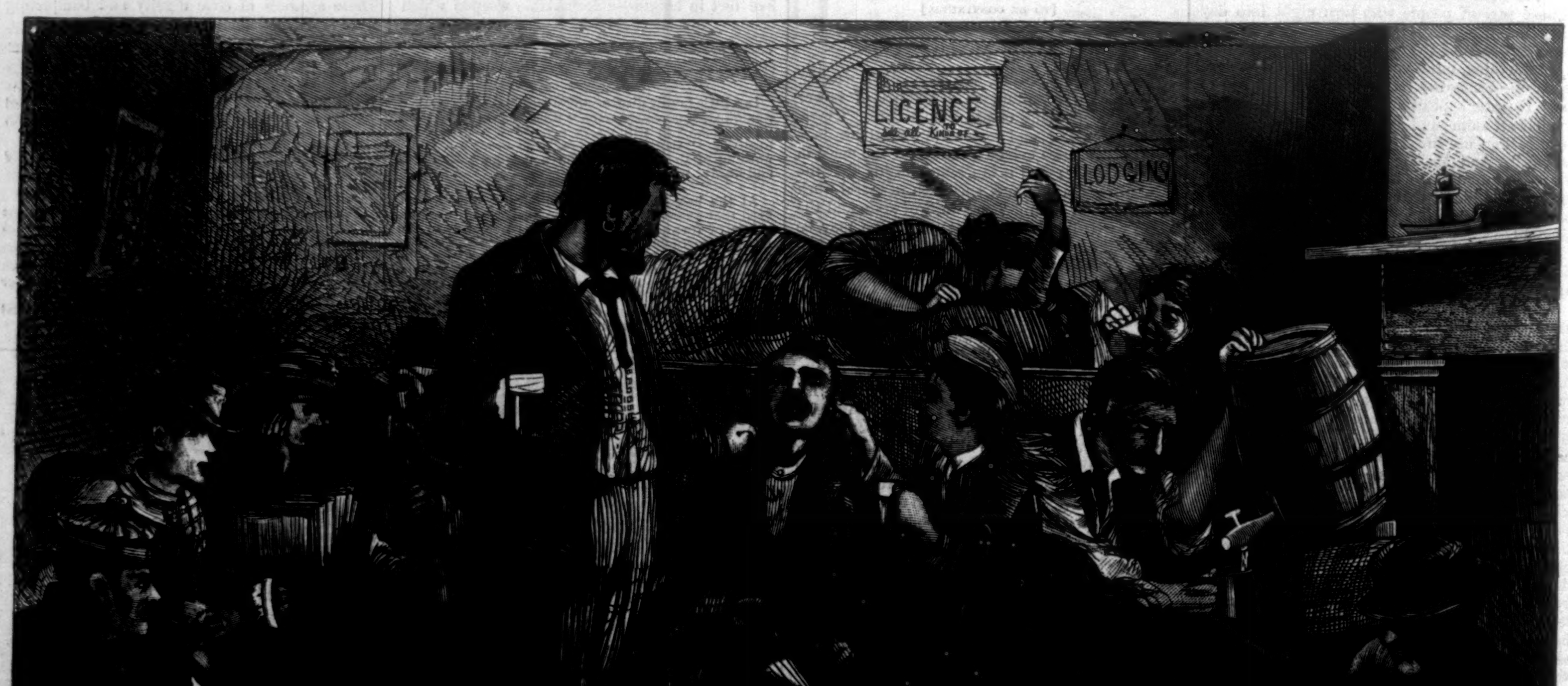


A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

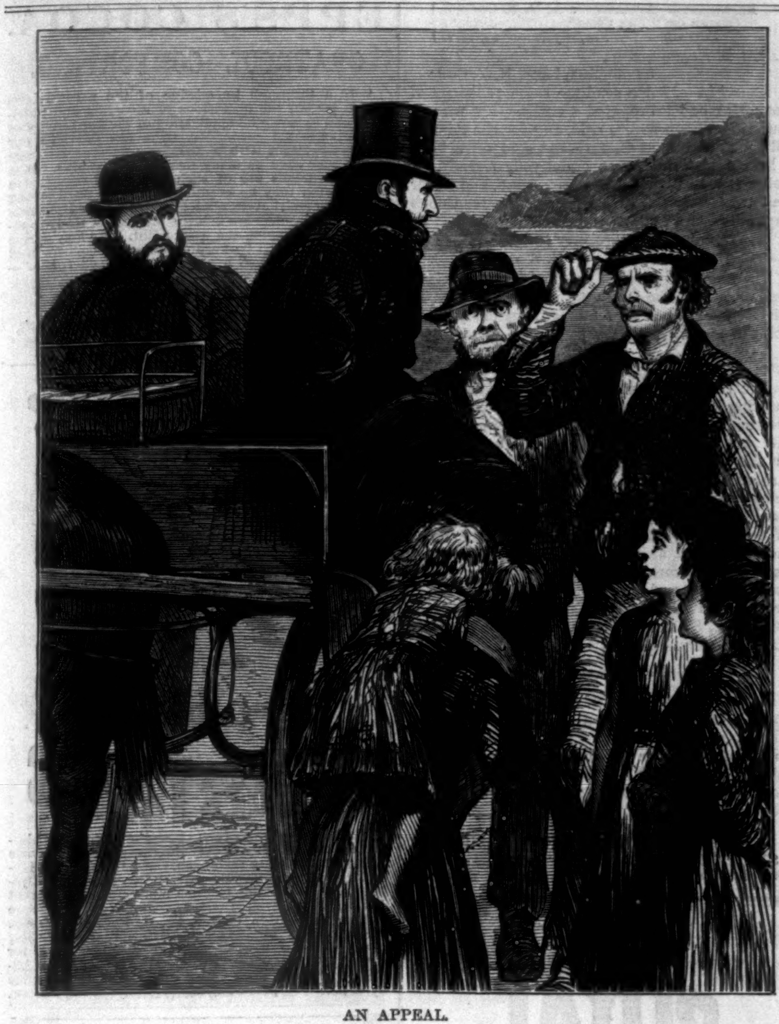
STREET VENDER. "Here you are: the Patent Spinal Suspender, to support the back and give an erect carriage to the figure—only twenty-five cents!"



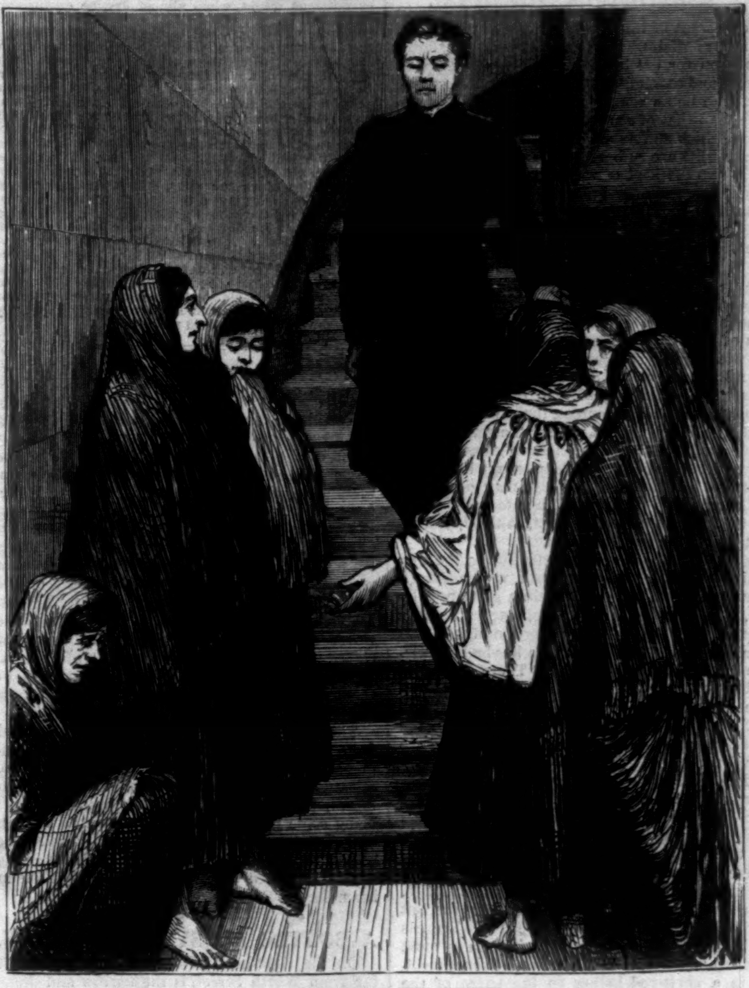
THE CITY HALL, ALBANY, NEW YORK.—BURNED FEBRUARY 10, 1880.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 142.]


LICENCE
TO
sell all Kinds of
LODGINS

A BEER SALOON IN BOTTLE ALLEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KEETLES.—[SEE PAGE 142.]



AN APPEAL.



WAITING FOR THE PRIEST.

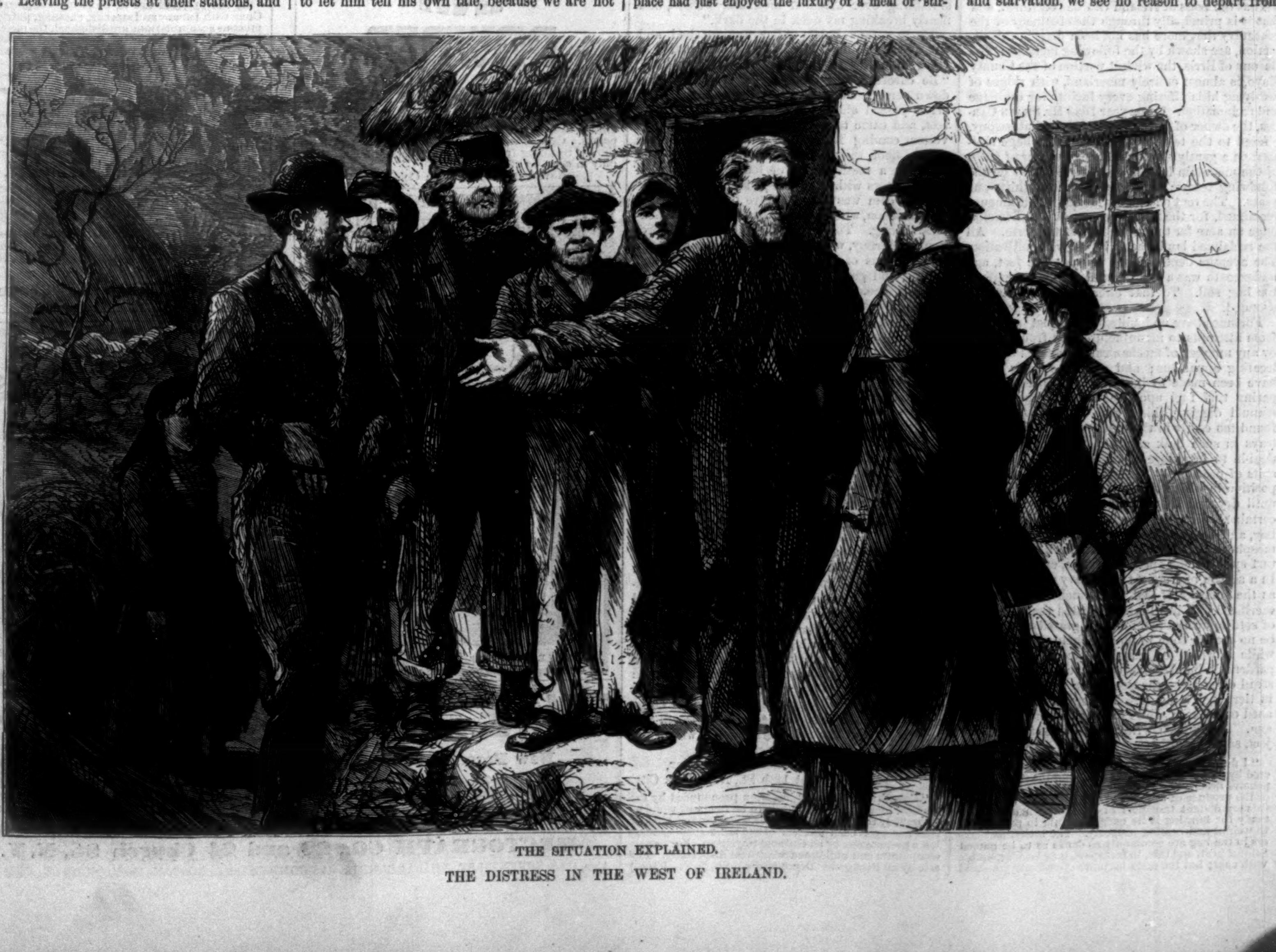
IRELAND'S POSSIBILITIES.

The above engravings form the third group which we have presented calling attention to the suffering and misery in Ireland. At a time like the present it seems as if too much could not be done toward enlisting sympathy and securing succor for this "poor distressful country." The sketches come to us from the very heart of the famine-stricken district, where they were drawn by our indefatigable artist, who, under the escort of several Irish priests, started for a tour of investigation among some of the most wretched cabins in the parish of Clifden, near the west coast. Leaving the priests at their stations, and led by a tall, handsome, half-clad Irishman, he penetrated to the interior of a dozen or more miserable hovels among the bogs and by the rocky shore.

Before proceeding fifty yards the well-dressed visitor found himself surrounded by a rapidly increasing escort of men and boys, who seemed almost to spring from the earth, their ragged garments streaming behind them, and their voices loud in the vociferation of their wrongs and hardships. One house after another he entered, and was shown the small stock of potatoes that was to serve as the sole food of hungry families until next autumn. At this point, however, we prefer to let him tell his own tale, because we are not prepared to admit, however great the misery may appear in individual cases, that as a class the Irish people are "sufferers from terrible injustice."

"One man, the orator of the sketch, was a basket-maker. He could earn at the most ninepence a day. He was the sole support of a partially paralyzed father, a mother who had been bedridden for years, and a sister. I visited their cabin, and it was as neat and tidy as such a place could be made. The man spoke intelligently, but misfortune had soured him. It was pointed out that public works would best meet the present evil. There is, however, a great horror of drainage or improvement undertaken by the landlords. 'They will only raise the rints,' already too high for the tenants to drag from the unwilling soil. In driving along the roads we were met by appeals from men and women, too evidently in earnest. The children in one place had just enjoyed the luxury of a meal of 'stirabout.' One little fellow was very proud of the distended stomach he had gained thereby. On arriving at the priest's house, we found a crowd of women who had waited for hours. Many of them had trudged from the outlying districts to obtain a little relief. The private means of the clergy are all exhausted; but on this occasion, through the kind help of some unknown friend, the hearts of the poor creatures were made glad by the gift of half a hundred-weight of meal to each. It is some weeks since I sketched this scene. The poverty has greatly increased since then. The priest now writes to me: 'For God's sake, leave no stone unturned to send us help. There is no doubt that kind sympathy and ready help *now* will heal an old wound.'"

Yet in spite of the iterated pictures of distress that come to us from Ireland, the tales of hunger and starvation, we see no reason to depart from



THE SITUATION EXPLAINED.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

the opinion expressed in former articles, that this unfortunate country owes her miseries mainly to her own want of thrift and prudence in the management of affairs. That this furnishes the slightest reason for not helping her in her seasons of distress and extremity, we do not, of course, mean. There can be no worthier opportunity of benevolence than that of sending succor to this unhappy nation, which suffers as much from folly as guilt, whose faults are so hereditary as to be ingrained, and where the load of woe falls as heavily upon helpless women and innocent children as upon those who are in any way responsible for the terrible condition of things.

Ireland's misery is deduced from two sources: she is overpopulated, and the resources of her soil are not developed. In regard to the first, her case is the same as that of England, and the remedy the same. That government spends millions of pounds yearly upon her colonies in opening the way for successful emigration, and they are a refuge none the less open to her Irish subjects than to her English. In regard to the development of her resources, there is much that might be done, were it not for the want of confidence existing between the two classes of society. The thriftless and lazy tenant hates and distrusts his landlord, and the man of capital will not put his money into an enterprise, knowing that he will have no honest, faithful, and industrious labor to second him.

Some time ago we called attention to the suggestion made by a Mr. Bagwell, that although Western Ireland will not sustain a great population, it would feed a very much larger number of cattle than at present. A portion of it is also suitable for trees, which no man has had the wisdom or the foresight to plant. There can be no doubt that Nature as well as agricultural science and political economy has determined Ireland's true line of advance to lie rather in the multiplying of flocks and herds than in the growth of grain. It is commonly inferred in England that this course is synonymous with the extirpation of small holdings and converting them into large farms for both breeders and graziers; but that this view is wide of the truth, and that small farming is not incompatible with an increase of live stock, appears from the fact placed beyond doubt by the agricultural statistics. We can not quote the figures that lie before us, but they substantiate entirely this assertion. There is on the mountain property a stock farm in most successful operation. Mr. Barber, a farmer residing in a sheltered hollow on the shore of the lovely Killery Bay, where the remarkable mildness of the climate permits the growth of the castor-oil plant and almost sub-tropical trees to live in the open air, grazes the stupendous slopes of Mulrea and other giant mountains of the district with Cheviot sheep, clipping from them fleeces of short staple which run into a somewhat kempy nature. They give beautiful mutton. The fact that this breed is well able to stand the exposure indicates that these heights, upon which blow the unchecked storms off the Atlantic, are not subject to such severities of cold and of deep, long-continued blasts of snow as visit the loftiest of the Scotch Highlands, where only the hardy black-faced sheepcan find a subsistence.

That the bogs of Ireland can be reclaimed, and that it is principally through the obstinacy of the peasantry that more has not been done in this direction, are shown by the following incident: The Barony of Erris, the wildest portion of the County Mayo, is almost entirely moorland, with ridges of low-lying hills offering every facility for drainage and reclamation. In the year 1868 Mr. Shaen Carter, the owner of over 30,000 acres in that barony, offered to the tenants of Faulagh, a village situated on a gently sloping hill, any number of acres of the mountain land above their holdings on the following terms: The lease to be for thirty-one years. The rent one penny for the whole amount reclaimed, for the first seven years, and five shillings an acre for the remainder of the term. All the reclaimed land was to be kept in cultivation. The average depth of bog was not five feet, and underneath was a bed of marl, the best fertilizer for bog soil. To that offer not one tenant responded.

Fortunes have undoubtedly been lost in Ireland from attempts to manufacture peat from the bog by any number of mechanical inventions and desiccating apparatus; and even the trials which have been made to improve the process of preparing turf fuel upon the lines of the present manual digging, tiling, and turning have been found too costly in the extent of shedding and of trays in such bulk as peat. But is it not practicable to introduce appliances so that the wet spits of peat cut by the spade may be placed in a position in which they need be touched no more until dry, and this drying be speedy as well as certain? Set upon the wet heath or the bare wet bog, and exposed to all the rains of a moist atmosphere, it is a wonder that the little heaps of turf spits, on the open-air system, ever dry at all. In a season of frequent and heavy rain-falls, such as the summer of last year, much of the peat is sacrificed. It has been suggested that the labor of setting up the turfs upon a grated floor would be no greater than in placing them upon the bog, while it would be easy to place a cover like a gardener's hand-frame over each little heap, instead of carrying the peat upon trays to be piled in tiers in a building. The small frames would shed off all rain, while freely admitting wind and sun. An English writer, in discussing this subject, says:

> "I do not see why acres of fuel should not be covered by hand-frames or similar apparatus of a less expensive description than the glass which covers acres of the produce of the market-gardener. The obstacle to very distant transport of the peat when dry and ready for burning is its excessive bulk in proportion to weight and heating property. The lowermost layers in the bog are commonly so dense as to be named 'stone' peat, and this, in transport, may be comparable with coal; but the mass becomes the more fibrous and spongy the nearer you approach the top. These lighter portions might, when almost dry, be compressed into small heavy cakes or balls by hydraulic or screw pressure. Turfs are sold by the box of twenty cubic feet, about nine boxes on an average forming a ton. Perhaps the air-dried peat might be condensed into a third of this bulk. The retail price for household purposes ranges from ninepence up to a shilling a box in years when the article is scarce. I saw a forty-horse steam-boiler being worked with peat, for which they require a larger than ordinary fire-box, and the fire piled thickly upon the fire-bars. The fuel is landed upon the factory wharf on the bank of the broad Shannon out of boats which bring it from a bog not many miles down the river, and at sevenpence per box, or five shillings and threepence per ton, the cost of the fuel for the same working of the engine being considered to be one-half that of coal at seventeen shillings or more. A drawback to any undertaking of the kind proposed is that the country people might be jealous of a project calculated to lower the price of the turfs they make and sell; and until ample employment and good wages established a popularity for the works, there might be considerable risk in starting a quantity of apparatus in an exposed place."

BURNING OF THE ALBANY CITY HALL.

The handsome and costly marble building known as the City Hall, which faces the easterly front of the Capitol, in Albany, New York, and contained the city and county offices, and an immense quantity of public archives and legal records, was destroyed by fire at an early hour on the morning of February 10. The whole interior of the building, from cellar to roof, was destroyed, with the exception of some of the fire-proof record vaults on the lower floor. Many of the court records were burned, and others were greatly damaged. By great efforts the portraits of the Governors of New York State, from the time of George Clinton, 1777, down to that of John A. Dix, were rescued from the flames, but most of them were somewhat injured by fire. The walls are still in good condition.

The site of the burned building was purchased for a City Hall in 1829, and the edifice was completed and dedicated in 1831, at a cost of $92,336. Since then it has been from time to time embellished and improved, among the "improvements" being some peculiar ventilators, which a fireman aptly termed "fire conductors," and which were put in two years ago at a cost of $1500. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

A BOTTLE ALLEY BEER SALOON.

On the right-hand side of Baxter Street, not far from Worth Street, is the narrow and dingy entrance to what is known as "Bottle Alley," one of the most notorious lanes in New York city. Readers of the police reports find the name frequently mentioned in connection with all sorts of offenses against law and order; but few people outside of the criminal classes know where it is situated, or would care to explore its vile recesses.

A short time ago our artist, to whom our readers are indebted for the sketch on page 140, visited this unsavory locality, under the guidance of a policeman. On the way the artist inquired as to the origin of the name. "Well," said the officer, laughing, "that's what I never found out, 'less it's the number of bottles going back and forth. I know I've chased many a thief in there, through the cellars and over the roofs of houses, stumbling over drunken men and women, and nearly breaking my neck in the dark."

By this time Bottle Alley was reached, and our artist and his stalwart companion halted in front of a low narrow passageway, quite dark. "Be careful," said the officer; "there's a step down here." Obeying the friendly warning, our artist passed along the dark alley forty or fifty feet, and came to a sort of court-yard. Hearing voices coming from a low apartment on the ground-floor, they entered, and found themselves amongst a motley crew of loungers, who eyed their visitors with angry suspicion.

The room was about twelve by eighteen feet in dimension, with a rotten board floor, low blackened ceiling. The plastered walls, cracked, broken, and grimy, were damp, and sickening to look at. Millions of roaches crawled over walls and ceiling, and gathered in black clusters over the solitary smoking candle that dimly lighted the room. Two rude benches served as seats for customers, and a keg of stale beer was the beverage served out to them. A few planks against the walls, spread with rags, served as beds. All the inmates of the room belonged to the lowest of the low, and were mostly foreigners.

The keeper of this wretched resort held a license to sell beer. It is a disgrace to the authorities that such men should be allowed to sell any kind of liquor. In hundreds, perhaps thousands, of haunts like the one pictured by our artist, crimes of all sorts are planned, robberies and murders are committed, criminals are sheltered from pursuit, and instead of being licensed, they should be broken up wherever found.

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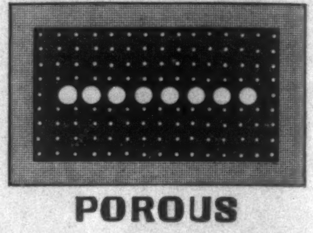

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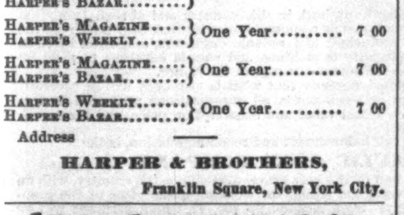

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